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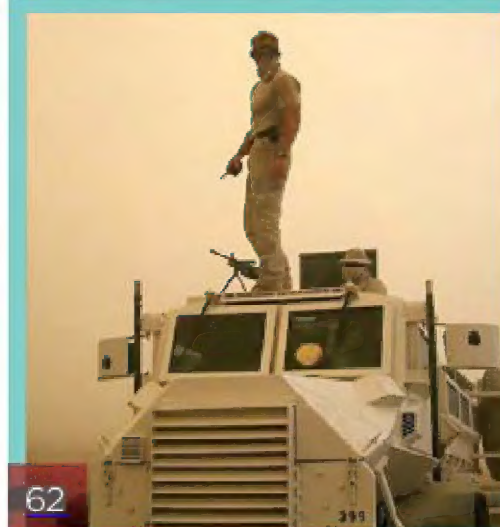
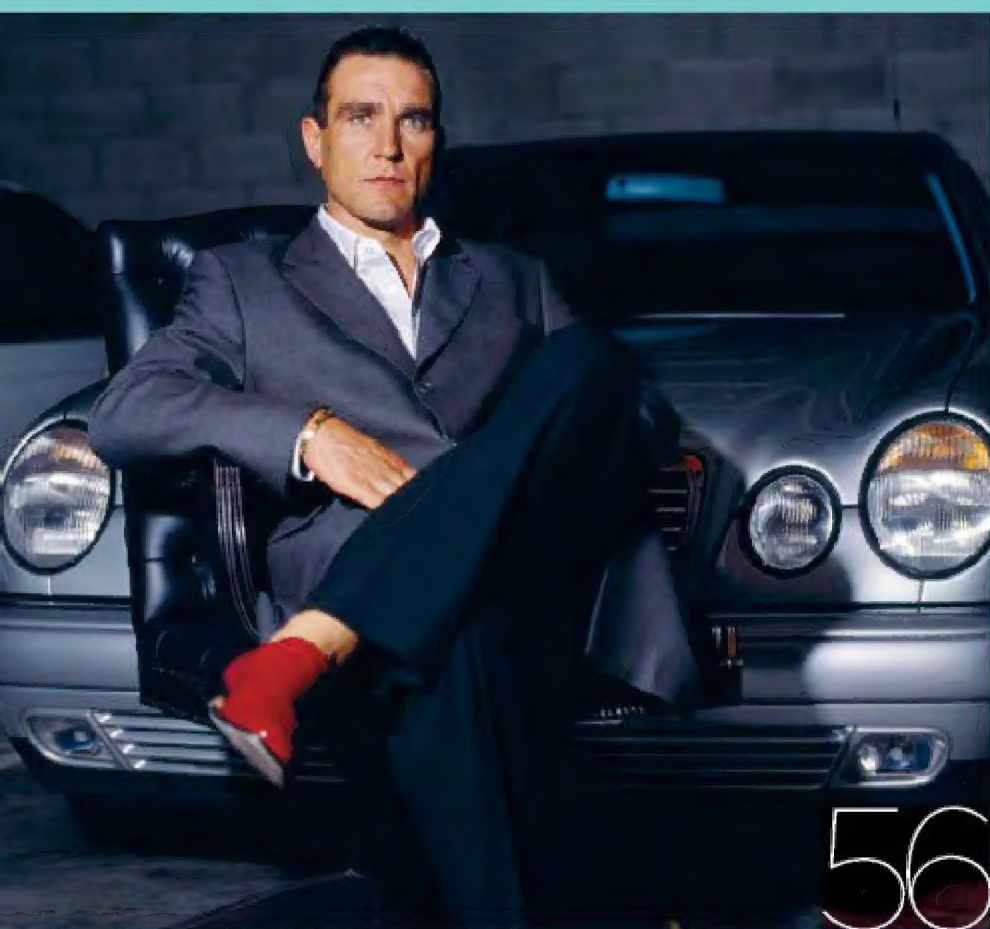
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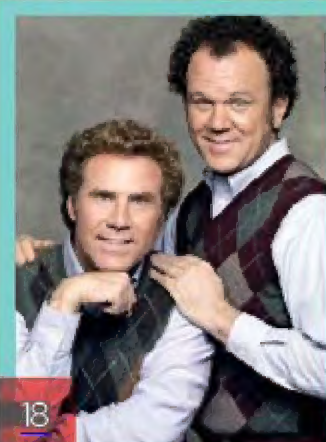


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Dare to Share

A few months ago, my wife and I were at a party. Chloe had on a really short dress that rode up when we danced. Naturally, she was getting a lot of stares from the guys. I wasn't surprised when she whispered, "All this attention is getting me really hot."

"How hot?" I asked, holding her close to my rapidly growing cock.

"If you don't fuck me pretty soon, I might have to do one of the guys who has been staring at me all night!"

I danced my horny wife into a back hallway, hiked up her dress, and slipped my finger between her thighs and under her panties. Her pussy was sopping wet. As I pulled her underwear aside and knelt in front of her, she raised one leg so I could tease her with my tongue. Chloe was so into it that when a man came upon us while looking for the bathroom, she didn't tell me to stop. She just kept pushing her pussy against my tongue.

"I think he wants to go next," I said, between laps at her slit. "He probably wants a taste of your delicious pussy." True or not, I didn't know, but he was curious enough to stop and watch.

"He'll have to wait his turn," she gasped.

"I dare you to ask him," I said, flicking my tongue against her clit.

Chloe shot me a wicked smile before turning her attention to the onlooker. "Do you want to join us?" she asked, smiling seductively.

He took a step toward us. When Chloe beckoned him with her finger, he came closer. Chloe grabbed his shirt and pulled him in for a kiss. Then she turned around and raised her skirt, flaunting her ass.

He smiled warmly in appreciation, dropped to his knees, pulled down her panties, and began kissing and fondling her ass cheeks. Our fast friend had really gotten into the spirit of pleasuring my wife, totally forgetting about the bathroom.

I returned to licking and sucking Chloe's pussy, and in no time her soft whimpers changed to moans and her whole body shook with an orgasm from our combined effort.



I stood and unzipped my fly, took out my straining erection, and lifted Chloe off the floor. She wrapped her legs around my waist, then lowered herself onto my shaft. I came after just a few hard thrusts and had to let her down to keep from collapsing.

Finished with me but not finished herself, Chloe turned to face our new friend and unzipped his pants. When his cock sprang free, she said, "You don't mind sloppy seconds, do you?" He shook his head quickly and she immediately jumped up and straddled his waist, as she had with

me. He leaned back against the wall to help support her weight, and began thrusting into her with total abandon.

"My husband dared me to fuck you," she said as she bounced on the stranger's cock. Chloe turned toward me so we could kiss—I had to move up and down to match their rhythm.

"What else do you dare me to do?" she asked, between pants.

"I dare you to bring him home with us," I said. Chloe never backs down from a challenge, so as long as our new friend was the adventurous type, I knew we were in for an interesting night. And he was.... But that's a story for another letter!—S.D., California

I came after a few hard thrusts. Finished with me but not finished herself, Chloe unzipped our new friend's pants.

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GIRL WATCHING

When my son left for summer camp, I started to repaint my bedroom.

To avoid the afternoon heat, I wore only an oversize T-shirt and tennis shoes. I had been painting for about an hour when I heard voices coming from my neighbor's yard. I went to the window to check it out because they'd just left for vacation. Their yard is surrounded by privacy fencing, but from my vantage point on the second floor, I had a clear view. And what a surprising view it was! I'd forgotten that Diana was home from college and house-sitting for her parents. She and her friend Gina were lying on a blanket, sunbathing in the nude. They looked so uninhibited and relaxed I couldn't help but admire their bodies.

But that was nothing compared to what happened next. Gina rolled on top of Diana and kissed her! I immediately felt the blood rush to my pussy as I watched them kiss with abandon and rub their mounds together. It was obviously not their first time together, and the sight of their unrestrained passion compelled me to reach beneath my T-shirt to rub my pussy.

Then Gina started sucking on Diana's breasts while she stroked between her legs. I quickly pulled off my T-shirt and began touching my breasts with one hand while rubbing my throbbing clit with the other. I breasts with one hand while rubbing my throbbing clit with the other. I

watched as Diana spread her legs for Gina. When Gina pushed her fingers inside Diana's pussy, I pressed two fingers inside my own quivering hole, and when Gina began finger-fucking Diana, I matched her rhythm.

Then Gina put her fingers in her mouth and licked them clean before kissing Diana's belly button and diving into her glistening snatch. I couldn't believe I was actually seeing this. It was like watching live porn—not that I'd ever seen a live sex show, but this had to be like that!

I imagined myself in Diana's place, Gina's hot tongue dancing over my clit, her hands on my tits. It was all too much for me, and when I heard Diana moan and cry out, I bit my lip to stifle my cries and came all over my hand.

Then Diana went into the house and I collapsed on my bed. But when I heard voices again, I crawled back to the window and peeked out. Diana had a vibrator in her hand. I quickly grabbed mine from my dresser.

When I got back to the window, Gina was on all fours and Diana was

kneeling behind her, licking her pussy. I turned on my vibrator and rubbed the buzzing tip over my clit and labia, mimicking Diana burying the vibrator inside Gina's pussy. I kept my eyes glued to Diana as she plunged the toy in and out of Gina's pussy, feeling the pressure build as we both worked our vibrators faster and faster. Just as I heard Gina cry out, I had an orgasm so intense I staggered backward and fell onto the bed, panting and sweating.

After Diana and Gina had picked up their things and gone inside, I continued to play with my vibrator, replaying their lovemaking over and over in my mind. Somehow I managed to finish painting my bedroom, but later that night I found myself watching porn on Pay-Per-View for the first time and fantasizing that I was fucking Diana and Gina. I couldn't stop thinking about what I'd seen.

The next two weeks turned into a whirlwind of masturbation and voyeurism as I watched the girls and their daily sunbathing ritual from my bedroom. I was tempted to sneak into my yard and peek through the fence. I didn't do it, but I have often wondered what would have happened if I'd let them know I'd been watching. Would they have let me make their duo a threesome? The next time I see Diana, I just might ask.—J.H., Minnesota

More letters on page 140

I just might ask.—J.H., Minnesota

More letters on page 140

I felt the blood rush into my pussy as I watched Diana and Gina kiss with abandon and rub their mounds together.



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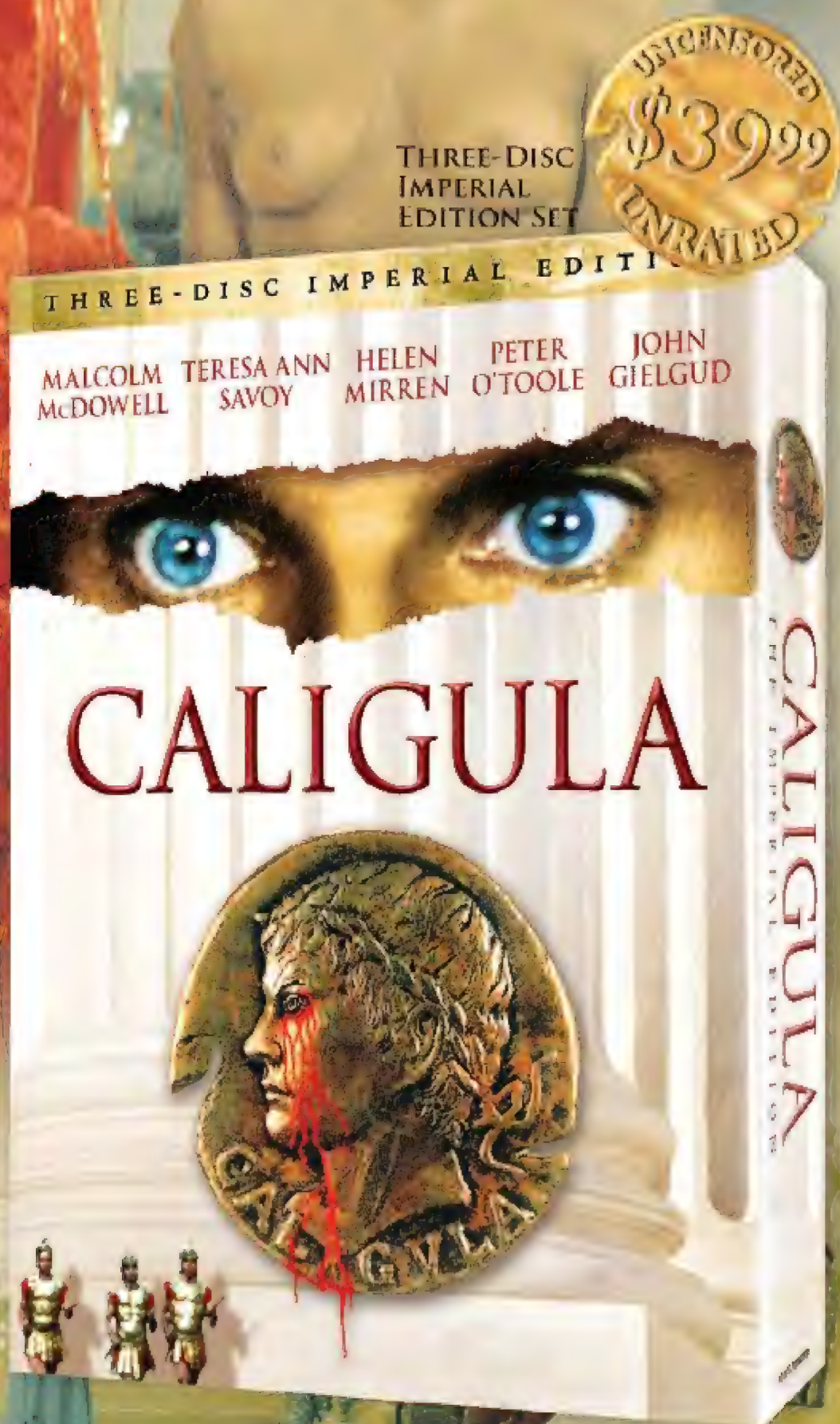
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The Gangsters of Graceland

Three 6 Mafia may party with Paris Hilton, but these hip-hop chameleons have kept their cred.



In 2006, a trio of renegade Memphis rappers known as Three 6 Mafia stormed the gates of Hollywood and became the first hip-hop group to win an Oscar for Best Song. You'd think that would've been the beginning of something huge. But the chart-topping, MTV reality show-rocking purveyors of darkly twisted rhymes and beats have little use for what is expected of them. Instead, they've had a relatively quiet couple of years, dropping original member Crunchy Black from the lineup and retrenching around producer-performers DJ Paul and Juicy J. Out of that reshuffling comes the new studio album *Last 2 Walk*, a truly gangster record that features *don't fuck with us* rhymes, crazy bass, and the last song UGK member Pimp C recorded before his death. Oh, and one track even features a little help from the Good Charlotte boys. Bet you weren't expecting that.

In the past you've talked about how you're known in the streets but not in the press. Now that that has changed, do you wish you could go back to those days?

DJ Paul: You want the love. You'd rather have it than not have it, but sometimes it gets crazy. I was at the pisser one day and someone asked me for my autograph. I'm like, Dude, I got a dick in my hand right now. You really want an autograph? Can I at least wash my hands first?

To support this album's "I'd Rather" single, you two did a strip club tour. Have you ever been in the champagne room?

DJ Paul: It's cool, but I don't really spend money like that. I just hang out, get a drink, get a dance, and go home.

What kind of strip clubs do you like?

Juicy J: We like all kinds.

DJ Paul: We hate the kinds where you can't have alcohol. In Memphis, you can bring your own liquor and the girls get totally naked and you can have a little fun with them. We walk in there with grocery store bags full of liquor.

Nice. On this album, the track "My Own Way" features Good Charlotte. Why?

DJ Paul: They're our boys. I was just with Benji and Paris right before I came here.

Juicy J: We're fans of their music as well. They have big, serious hits and a great career, and it's good for us to



do a collabo with them. We can break into their fanbase.

So Paris Hilton—is it all true?

DJ Paul: That girl is very smart and really down-to-earth. I met her sister Nicky in the Beverly Center mall a couple years ago. I walked up to

"I was at the pisser and someone asked for my autograph. I'm like, Dude, I got a dick in my hand."

her and asked if she'd take a picture with me. We started talking and she invited us to this spot where they were getting a bite to eat. We've been hanging ever since.

I understand you don't listen to your songs much after you record them because you don't want to get sick of them. Do you ever tire of playing them on tour?

Juicy J: No, you're doing something because you love doing it, and you're making money. It's better than working at McDonald's. I've pushed the carts, I've punched the clock. It ain't easy.

DJ Paul: But it's got its advantages. You pay less in taxes. Whenever I have to pay my taxes, I'm like, "I owe this

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ABOVE) STEVE GRANITZ/WIREIMAGE (NELL) ARNOLD TURNER/WIREIMAGE (THE GAME) LUCY NICHOLSON/REUTERS/CORBIS (CYING YANG T WING) STRINGER/GETTY IMAGES (THREE 6 MAFIA) SOUL BROTHER/FILMMAGIC

much money?!" My CPA is like, "Well, you can start working at Wendy's and you wouldn't."

So many musicians go broke trying to keep up the celebrity lifestyle. Do you guys have a plan so you don't end up like MC Hammer?

DJ Paul: You better believe it. We've got IRA, retirement funds, all of that. I don't think MC Hammer is broke, but you got to prepare for the future. You got to watch how you spend your money. We used to spend it on cars and we left that alone because they're the biggest way to blow money.

What do you spend it on instead?

DJ Paul: Alcohol. I drink the cheap shit. I don't drink Cristal and all that.

On the new album, *Last 2 Walk*, there are a couple of songs—"Weed Blow

Pills" and "Rolling"—that focus on drugs. Is that something you guys dabble in?

Juicy J: They're party songs.

DJ Paul: I got a few toys I deal with.

Juicy J: You got to have a good party song on the album. You drive down the street, you listen to them, you party.

DJ Paul: I got some stuff. I'm not really

"Memphis women have the badonkadonk and can cook you a fried chicken from scratch."

into pills, but I play around with some other stuff.

Where are there more drugs—Hollywood or the 'hood?

DJ Paul: Hollywood. There's a lot of drugs in Hollywood. You just have to catch somebody high and they give it to you for free.

Juicy J: It depends on where you're at. You just gotta say no.

Do you like Hollywood women?

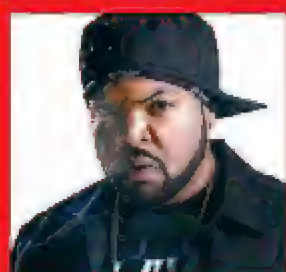
Juicy J: Hollywood women are great, but I'd rather have Memphis women because they have the badonkadonk and can cook you a fried chicken from scratch, and biscuits, and gravy, hot sauce, and all that down-home cooking.

Is that before or after sex?

Juicy J: Before or after, I love a woman that cooks.

One Gigantic Rap-off

With several hip-hop heavyweights slated to release albums this month (or eventually, anyway), we've broken down which ones are worth picking up.



ICE CUBE
RAW FOOTAGE
(LUNCH/BOB/
INTERSCOPE)

The past: AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted is now Middle America's most-loved, thanks to a family-friendly film career.

The present: Solo album No. 9 attempts to bring back the fury. Exhibit A: the fiery first single "Gangsta Rap Made Me Do It."

The guest list: Nas, Scarface, Musiq Soulchild, WC
Odds of success: 7-1. These days the suddenly cuddly Cube is more believable as a put-upon dad than a raging rapper.
Odds of it being released: 3-1. It's one *Are We There Yet?* sequel away from being shelved.



NELLY
BRASS KNUCKLES
(DERBY/SONY)

The past: The sing-songy St. Louis rapper has been silent since 2004's double album *Sweat/Suit*.

The present: In a bold attempt to combat the industry-wide sales slump, Nelly is collaborating with nearly every artist in history.

The guest list: T.I., Usher, Ashanti, Fergie, Ciara, Lil Wayne, Pimp C, Snoop Dogg, Chuck D, Janet Jackson, Mariah Carey, and Pharrell Williams. (Bruce Springsteen had to bow out at the last minute. Seriously.)

Odds of success: 3-1. Nelly and the pop charts are old friends—but four years is a very long time to be M.I.A.
Odds of it being released: Even. You think a guest list like that pays for itself?



THE GAME
L.A.X.
(Geffen/Winter Scope)

The past: This beef-happy West Coast rapper has gone platinum twice but has seemingly lost the support of boosters 50 Cent and Dr. Dre.

The present: The Game is once again competing with his former mentor by releasing what he says will be his final album on the same day as the G-Unit record *Terminate on Sight*.

The guest list: Nas, Akon, Lil Wayne, Ne-Yo, Keyshia Cole, Mary J. Blige
Odds of success: 5-1. The Game is currently more successful at making headlines than hits thanks to a recent arrest on weapons charges.
Odds of it being released: 2-1. As long as he remains unarmed, all should be well.



YING YANG TWINS
A.T.L. HOLES
(LABEL TBD)

The past: The lascivious, soft-speaking Atlanta rappers are best known for their booty-appreciating crunk jams and fascinating facial hair.

The present: They've lost a producer (Lil' Jon) and a label (TVT), but the Twins soldier on with the help of Mr. Collipark (Soulja Boy) and Isaac Hayes's son, "Ike Dirty."

The guest list: Unknown
Odds for success: 10-1. Did you know the Twins released an album called *Chemically Imbalanced* in 2006? Neither did we.
Odds of it being released: 12-1. Shaking it like a salt shaker can only get you so far.



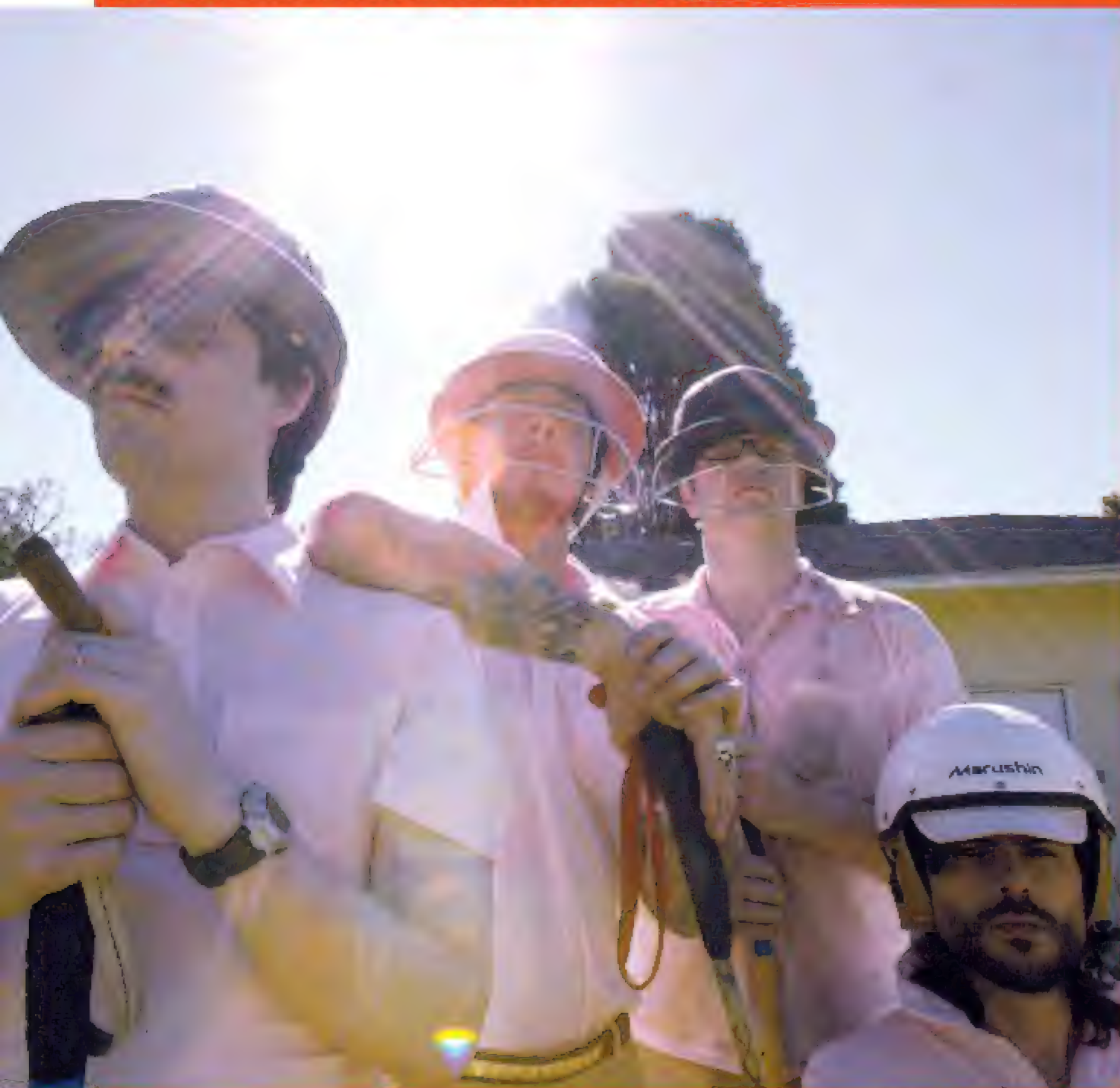
THREE 6 MAFIA
LAST 2 WALK
(BY NOTICE/INDIGO
COLUMBIA)

The past: Since the 2005 release of *Most Known Unknown*, these former underground stars have hit the big time, taking home an Oscar for Best Original Song and starring in their own MTV reality show, *Adventures in Hollywood*.

The present: Only two of six members are left.
The guest list: Good Charlotte, UGK, Akon, Lil Wyte, Spanish Fly, Al Kapone, 8 Ball, Project Pat
Odds of success: 4-1. "Lolli Lolli (Pop That Body)" is likely to be an instant club hit, and they make the hard life sound sweet by bringing in Akon for "That's Right." Still, Good Charlotte?
Odds of it being released: Even. It should be on shelves this month.

Rivers' Edge

Led by quirky front dude Rivers Cuomo, power-pop grand masters Weezer have made their best album in more than a decade.



WEEZER
Weezer
(Geffen)

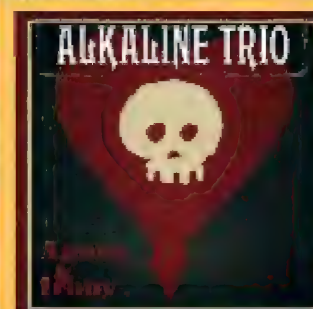
The sixth album from Los Angeles's enduring quartet sounds like the result of some particularly helpful therapy. Gone are the sludgy guitars of 2002's *Maladroit* and the forced cheer of 2005's *Make Believe*, replaced with the high, bright melodies of the band's late '90s heyday. Best of all, leader/weirdo Rivers Cuomo is back to mining his own inimitable brand of self-doubt, whether fetishizing high-school misery ("Troublemaker") or his own creeping fear of irrelevance (the



The famously controlling Cuomo actually lets the other guys sing. Group hug, anyone?

Rogaine and Timbaland-obsessing standout "Pork and Beans"). He's also learned some new tricks, which the band employs in the Quaker-hymn-meets-rock-opera "The Greatest Man That Ever Lived" and the downright touching "Heart Songs." But the clearest signal that all is well in Weezer world? The famously controlling Cuomo actually lets the other guys sing. Group hug, anyone?

REVIEWS



ALKALINE TRIO
Agony and Irony
(Epic)

SOUND CHECK: This gothic group has consistently churned out one excellent album after another. This might be their best yet.

AMPLIFICATION: Songwriters Matt Skiba and Dan Andriano have always favored the dark and punny, but they've rarely been so vulnerable on matters of love and war as they are here with the excellently desperate "Help Me" and the grim "Over and Out."

LAST NOTE: This album is as bloody as *The Shining's* elevators, but it's also bloody great.

PENTHOUSE PICK: "Calling All Skeletons"



COLDPLAY
Viva La Vida or Death and All of His Friends
(Capitol)
**

SOUND CHECK: The band most likely to put you to sleep—led by the piano-stomping, Gwyneth-squirling Chris Martin—returns with a willfully diverse, sometimes peppy fourth album.

AMPLIFICATION: Brian Eno producing? Songs inexplicably mashed together? Rampant harpsichord? File this under "the difficult album serious stars make to shake things up."

LAST NOTE: Points for trying—but they still can't navigate the fine line between ambient and Ambien.

PENTHOUSE PICK: "Lovers in Japan/Reign of Love"



**NO MUSS, NO FUSS DIP.
FOR GUYS WHO DON'T
SAY MUSS OR FUSS.**

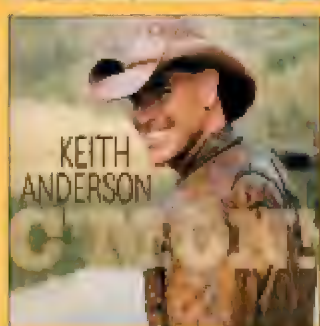


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KEITH ANDERSON
C'mon!
(Columbia Nashville)

SOUND CHECK: The college baseball star-turned-body builder-turned-Nashville hitmaker (you read that right) returns with his second solo album of swing-for-the-fences country.

AMPLIFICATION: Anderson is at his best when he reveals the bleeding heart—and daring falsetto—that's hiding behind his tough-guy muscles; the plaintive "I Still Miss You" is worlds better than the garish paean to eggs and bacon "Sunday Morning in America."

LAST NOTE: It takes real skill to turn an ode to a naked lady tattoo ("Adaliene") into one of the best country tunes of the year.

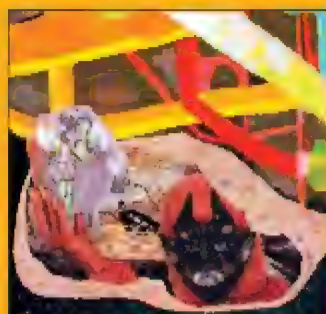
PENTHOUSE PICK: "Adaliene"



WOLF PARADE
At Mount Zoomer
(Sub Pop)

SOUND CHECK: These Montreal prog-punks had delivered one of 2005's best surprises with *Apologies to the Queen Mary*.

AMPLIFICATION: This dense sophomore effort is delightfully obtuse soulful pop perfectly pitched between Spencer Krug's sci-fi lamentations ("Call It a Ritual") and Dan Boeckner's Springsteen-isms



("Language City").

LAST NOTE: Their careening chords seem like they could fall apart at any moment; take a listen before they do.

PENTHOUSE PICK: "Language City"



SILVER JEWS
Lookout Mountain, Lookout Sea
(Drag City)

SOUND CHECK: For more than a decade, David Berman has used his Johnny Cash-caked baritone and friends like Pavement's Stephen Malkmus to explore rural America.

AMPLIFICATION: Berman gives voice to those without; we like his take on the music biz: "What have they done with the fat ones? The bald and the goateed?"

LAST NOTE: Groupies beware: The bassist is Berman's wife.

PENTHOUSE PICK: "Strange Victory, Strange Defeat"

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Bromancing the Stoned

If you liked *Talladega Nights* (or, really, any Will Ferrell movie ever), this is your lucky month.

STEP BROTHERS

Will Ferrell, John C. Reilly, Mary Steenburgen

Enough with the Judd Apatow backlash, people. It's comedy—and comedy is hard. You have to take the *Drillbit Taylors* along with the *Superbad*s. Apatow's revolution, a revenge of the doofuses coupled with the welcome return of raunch, has much more value in the long run than any mere slippage would suggest. And the latest Apatow-produced squirmfest, reteaming *Talladega Nights* costars Ferrell and Reilly, is



a case in point. The idea is almost cosmically perfect as a distillation of Apatow's vibe: Two overgrown children (Ferrell and Reilly), under-achievers living in Pasadena, California, with their single parents as they coast past 40, suddenly find themselves related by marriage. Their living situations merge and disputes begin

Though constitutionally averse to work, the new sibs must shape up.

to flare: over the TV, the drum kit, the bunk bed—and yes, it's worth noting that both characters are almost scarily infantile (i.e., the perfect roles for comedians who have turned petulant whining into an art form). Though constitutionally averse to work, both sibs must shape up; *Step Brothers*, like *Knocked Up*, is about a belated alarm clock for maturity. That's the essence of what Apatow does better than just about anyone on the planet, so don't be surprised if all this backlash becomes frontlash—or whatever the hell its opposite is. So there!



THE DARK KNIGHT

Christian Bale, Maggie Gyllenhaal, Heath Ledger

As sure as Batmania will eclipse the known universe, you know this is one you can't miss. But brace yourself: *The DK* will be one of the strangest blockbusters in Hollywood history, tinged not only by the premature death of Ledger, but by an especially downbeat tale of urban terrorism that would've been a hard sell at any time. That doesn't mean it won't rule. Returning to the director's chair is Christopher Nolan (*The Prestige*), who is evolving into one of the more ambitious and thoughtful Hollywood players, capable of handling both zillion-dollar budgets and intellectual concepts—often at the same time. Smart adjustments have been made since 2005's reboot *Batman Begins*. Gone are the fading talents of Katie Holmes, replaced by the superior Gyllenhaal. Bale, one of the most gifted actors ever to play a superhero, is back in the cape, and reportedly more intense than ever. But all eyes will be on Ledger's Joker, in what's being rumored as a total revision of the deranged nemesis. The man is gone too soon.

HANCOCK

Will Smith, Charlize Theron, Jason Bateman

Honestly, we really do like Will Smith. Okay, he can disappoint: *I Am Legend* was too boring; *Hitch*, too girly. But the guy knows how to act (doubters, check out *Six Degrees of Separation*). And in the presence of either a so-dumb-it's-brilliant action script (*Independence Day*) or top-notch costars (*Men in Black*), he blooms with the easy appeal that's always lurking. Luckily for us, *Hancock* provides him with both. The story, originally by Vincent Ngo, is one of those mythic Hollywood properties that's been floating around for years, too good to abandon, attached to everyone from Tony Scott to Michael Mann. (Peter Berg, director of *Friday Night Lights*, scored the gig.) It's about an alcoholic superhero who finds himself on the rebound with the help of a publicist—one with a very hot wife. *Hancock's* secret weapon is Oscar winner Theron, who's way too funny and intelligent to be so impossibly gorgeous. Actually, forget about Will Smith. We'll see this for her.



BAGHEAD

Ross Partridge, Steve Zissis, Greta Gerwig

From the creators of the phrases *French new wave* and *torture porn*—critics!—comes *mumblecore*, which is almost as fun to say as it is confusing. Does it refer to films about mumbling? Um, kinda. Or maybe not. Essentially, mumblecore is a strain of especially indie, low-budget moviemaking focused on romantic plights of verbally awkward, overeducated slackers. Think *The Real World: Art School*. Fun? Surprisingly, yes. Currently dominating the mumblecore movement, such as it is, are Jay and Mark Duplass, brothers and writer-directors from Austin, Texas. Their latest involves a quartet of less-than-accomplished actors—two women, two men—who go on a retreat to the woods to write a script. Once they get there, things get, well, *mumbly*, as sexual tensions, flirtations, and betrayals erupt. The *artistes* are being stalked by someone with a bag on his head. Suddenly, the mumbling is redeemed by horror humor.



LOU REED'S BERLIN

Lou Reed, Sharon Jones, Antony

So you never liked the Velvet Underground. Fine. We'll try not to hold that against you. And Reed's hipper-than-thou, too-cool-for-a-melody singing voice has always had you wishing you were listening to, say, the dulcet tones of Bob Dylan. Once again, different strokes. But trust us, you *will* be missing out if you skip this superb music documentary from New York artist-turned-director Julian Schnabel (*The Diving Bell and the Butterfly*). Reed's 1973 conceptual album *Berlin*, played in its entirety here at a special 2006 Brooklyn show, is not exactly a picnic with unicorns, as the songs explore such themes as parental abuse, abandonment, and death. But thrown into high relief on the stage of St. Ann's Warehouse, Reed's music springs to life out of the depressing murk with help from a tight supporting band and orchestra. You may find yourself discovering your new favorite '70s album, one that is appreciated only by hard-core Velvet fans and serious music-o-philes.

Band on the Run

HEAVY METAL IN BAGHDAD

In 2003, while on assignment in Iraq, MTV personality Gideon Yago stumbled upon the heavy metal band Acrassicauda ("black scorpion" in Latin). Intrigued by the trials and tribulations of rocking out in an intolerant culture, not to mention a war zone, he wrote about the group for *Vice*. In 2006, *Vice*'s cofounder Suroosh Alvi and the head of Vice Films, Eddy Moretti, flew to Iraq, risking life and limb to document the band's story on film. It's a hardscrabble existence, to say the least. Their practice space was reduced to rubble by a SCUD missile. They've played less than ten shows in eight years together. Despite the daily suck, they keep a mostly positive attitude and stay true to their craft; when they flee to Syria as refugees, they get their first chance to record their songs.

By focusing on the band members, the doc brilliantly captures the complexity of life for the youth of a war-torn country without banging viewers over the head with political rhetoric.



HEAVY METAL IN BAGHDAD

هشفي بقل إن بغداد

and the Camera

Moretti and Suroosh Alvi on making the movie

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to show from their bedrooms what the war looked like, and what the insurgency looked like, and what it was like to have an average of 2.5 hours of electricity a day.

Did you try experiencing the daily life on your own without a camera?

Suroosh: When we were in Baghdad, we started going stir-crazy. We wanted to just walk around and go to the market and hang out. The band was training us: "You've got to look really tired and walk like you've never been more tired in your entire life." We were practicing in our hotel rooms. Eddy can pass as Middle Eastern, as can I, but in the end our security people said no.



Suroosh, this was your first time directing a feature-length film. Other than staying alive, what was your biggest concern?

Trying to stay awake and be alert, knowing that we had such limited time. And, as a philosophy, making sure the lens cap was off. Don't screw it up, because you're not going to have another chance. No matter how you feel, no matter how jet-lagged you are, no matter how hungry, no matter how much diarrhea is coming out of your ass, deal with it. And try to get something good.

Heavy Metal

Acrassicauda isn't the only band struggling to be heard in Iraq. In *Heavy Metal in Baghdad* (Rivers Press), Mark L. Rivers takes a look at metal artists in the Middle East. Here are some checking out.—*Jenn*

Mystik Moods, Morocco

"A bourgeois Arab band that sounds like the Sex Pistols whose members were in their teens, sported a schoolgirl style and were regarded for the craft of their music."

Stigma, Egypt

"His style of singing is 'brutal,' the technicality of his low and guttural screams. One friend described him as 'like Cookie Monster on angel dust.'"

O-Hum, Iran

"A well-orchestrated Western hard rock band that blends traditional music and modern with many of the lyrics from the fourteenth-century Persian poet Rumi."



In the Spotlight

Firas, the band's bassist (they all use only one name to protect their families in Iraq), with an update on the band.

How does living in Istanbul compare to your situation back in Syria?

It's like a mix between European and Eastern culture, which is a great platform for us. People here are nice. Except for the language—we can't speak it—everything is cool.

Have you found jobs?

Being a refugee, you don't have a job, you don't make money. We're just taking it step by step.

Is it true you had to sell your instruments?

Yeah. We sold them in Syria to collect extra money for the tickets [to Istanbul] and to survive here. We got some help from people, and through

donations we got new equipment. Plus, people in Turkey were really helpful. Bands helped us with a practice space and found us a studio that we don't have to pay for. It's like they have this solidarity thing. It's cool.

How is the Turkish metal scene?

It is awesome. There are a lot of bands. You can see an alternative song on TV, which we can't see in the Middle East without a satellite.

Do you want to return to Iraq?

The plan... there is no plan. We don't know what is going to happen tomorrow. We are refugees. We don't know what is going to happen at the next moment.

Heavy Metal in Islam

Acassicauda isn't the only band struggling to be heard in a Muslim country. In *Heavy Metal Islam* (Three Rivers Press), Mark Levine takes a look at metal artists across the Middle East. Here are three worth checking out. —Jennifer Milne

Mystik Moods, Morocco

"A bourgeois Arab all-girl version of the Sex Pistols whose members, all in their teens, sported a goth-trash schoolgirl style and a reckless disregard for the craft of musicianship."

Stigma, Egypt

"His style of singing is literally 'brutal,' the technical term for the low and guttural screaming—which one friend described as sounding like Cookie Monster singing high on angel dust."

O-Hum, Iran

"A well-orchestrated blend of Western hard rock and Persian traditional music and instrumentation, with many of the lyrics taken from the fourteenth-century poet Hafez."

High-Def Reissues

NATURAL BORN KILLERS

This killing-spree film made headlines when it was released in 1994, and was supposedly an indication that society was breaking down completely. It's still outstanding, appalling, and controversial, and the Blu-ray edition includes new bonus features.

DIRTY HARRY

We don't think this needed a high-def release, but it's a cool package of a great guy-centric series. If you don't already own it, pick up this version.

POINT BREAK

Pure Adrenaline Edition

Another film that didn't need a high-def reissue, but we don't think you can go wrong with surfers/skydiving bank robbers in president masks. If you're not yet convinced, Patrick Swayze is the gang leader and Keanu Reeves is the undercover fed. This is seriously funny, people.



REVIEWS /// BY BARBARA RICE THOMPSON



10,000 B.C.

The Plot: Who cares? Camilla Belle is superhot and scantily clad. Oh, all right—caveman meets cavewoman, then has to rescue her from kidnappers.

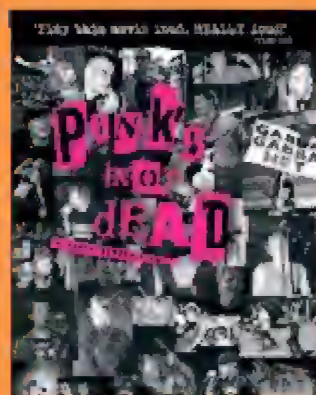
Buy or Rent? Rent. There are some very cool if not incredibly original scenes, as you'd expect from director Roland Emmerich, but unless you or your girl really likes those prehistoric romance novels, you don't need this taking up space on the shelf. **Added Value?** An alternate ending and deleted scenes; the Blu-ray version has two extra featurettes.



JUMPER

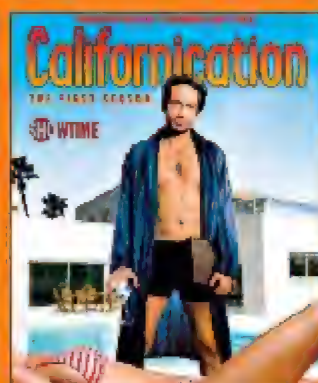
The Plot: A guy who can teleport himself anywhere runs up against the anti-"jumpers," who interrupt his attempt to live out every guy's dream. **Buy or Rent?** Rent. Discussing what you would do with the power of teleportation makes for an entertaining conversation, but one viewing will be enough for most people.

Added Value? The two-disc special edition is packed with bonus features, but we'd rather buy the books.



PUNK'S NOT DEAD

The Plot: This love letter to American punk's early days features performances and commentary on everyone from Black Flag, the Ramones, and Bad Religion to the Offspring, Green Day, and even Good Charlotte. **Buy or Rent?** Buy. We know those punk fans from the eighties are close to AARP age now, but this is an enlightening glimpse into why they still think they're cool. **Added Value?** Two hours of bonus footage, including backstage and touring stories.



CALIFORNICATION THE FIRST SEASON

The Plot: Novelist suffering from writer's block distracts himself with drugs and sex. **Buy or Rent?** Buy. It's well-acted, well-written, and Showtime's series are more reasonably priced (\$43) than most HBO sets. **Added Value?** Not much more than episodes of *Dexter* and *The Tudors*.



GAME OF THE MONTH

Metal Gear Solid 4: Guns of the Patriots

(Konami) PS3 ★★★★★

Let's get one thing straight: Solid Snake, the protagonist of the *Metal Gear Solid* series, is one of videogaming's biggest badasses. Perhaps the badassest. He may look like he's earned his AARP card—we blame stress; it's not easy saving the world from private military companies gone evil—but Snake still can pull off plenty of slick stealth moves and has more than 70 weapons at his disposal.

Take, for instance, his new OctoCamo suit. This second skin will automatically blend into its background, allowing him to play dead while the bad guys walk right

past. In Snake's world, where war is routine, James Bondian gadgets—which also include a robot scout and a modified eye patch that can zoom in on faraway objects and enemies—are necessary to survive encounters with myriad foot soldiers and unmanned vehicles of doom. In *Metal Gear Online*, the multiplayer mode, you can work with teammates in stealth battles—or take on up to 16 players alone if you think you've got the skills.

In Snake's world, where war is routine, James Bondian gadgets are necessary to survive.

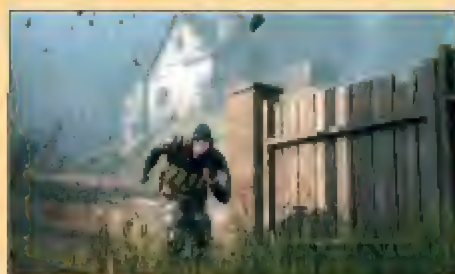
As you progress through the single-player game, intent on taking down Liquid Ocelot, who controls all those nasty private military companies, you'll get caught up on the *MGS4* backstory by way of the cut scenes. Perhaps the coolest person you'll meet is Drebin, a ruthless arms dealer whose shop sells new weapons and customizes the ones you already own. All of these allies and gadgets become supremely useful when battling destructive forces like the Beauty and the Beast unit. As you may already suspect, those robotic monsters are not about to belt out Disney tracks any time soon.

OPERATION: DARKNESS (Atlus) Xbox 360

★★

It was impossible to out-evil the bad guys in World War II, but the creators of this game give it a go. How? By bringing in supernatural elements, of course. In this real-time strategy game, it's up to you and your squad of werewolf soldiers and tough-as-nails ladies to take down undead Nazis. Give 'em hell.

Rocks: Hurling magical spells at and using swords to slash through Nazi vampires; literally taking aim at Adolf Hitler. This is where you'll have to live up to those claims of being a great player in the clutch. Flops: Half-hearted graphics running on a next-gen machine; the *ooong* cut scenes between battles



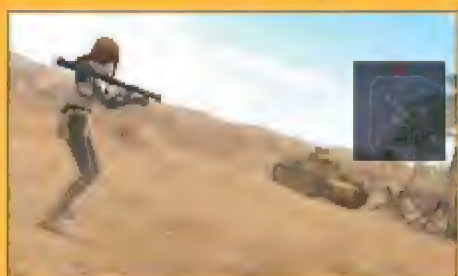
BATTLEFIELD: BAD COMPANY (EA) Xbox 360, PS3, PC

★★★★

Is there anything better than total and complete destruction? Not in the gaming industry, where each new title promises more-destructible environments than the rest. This war-mongering first-person shooter is no different.

Rocks: Instead of trying to take down the Germans or save your buddies, you and your four-person squad are looking for battlefield loot, and protecting it from the do-gooder soldiers who want to destroy it.

Flops: The multiplayer mode supports only 24 players, but then again, perhaps less competition is better when you're going for the gold.



COMMAND AND CONQUER 3: KANE'S WRATH (EA) Xbox 360, PC

★★★

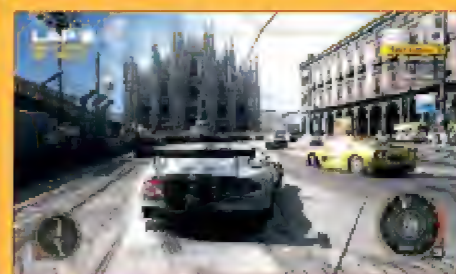
Why is it that all dudes named Kane could benefit from anger-management therapy? Is this the legacy of Cain and Abel? We don't know, but at least this speedy real-time strategy game explains why this particular guy is so pissed. Rocks: The PC's Global Conquest mode lets you show off your military prowess—and looks a lot like that old board game Risk, in a good way; you can battle all armies on the 360. Flops: Cheesy cut scenes starring real actors instead of game characters; less than exciting single-player missions that leave you wanting more action.



GRID (Codemasters) Xbox 360, PS3, DS

★★★★

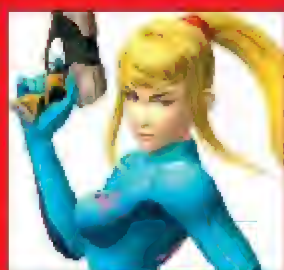
This high-speed racing game lets you tear around city streets but doesn't let you customize your cars. Well, except for the paint job. Sweet! Canary yellow! Rocks: Race Le Mans in 24 hours or 24 minutes, depending on the size of your bladder and whether or not you have a life; even the DS version's graphics get us revved up. Flops: The learning curve. You may not be a racing newbie, but you can still expect to smash up your car more than a few times as you get used to the sensitive controls. We managed to flip our auto ... to get a better look at the undercarriage!



ESTROGEN BOMBS

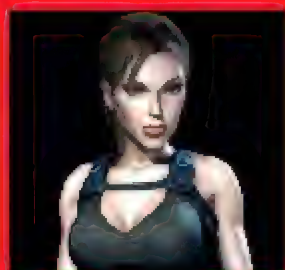
Ladies' Might

Metal Gear Solid's Solid Snake, *God of War's* Kratos, and *Hitman's* Agent 47 are established badasses, but isn't it about time to give props to the female badasses of gaming? Here are the five warrior women we'd want by our side in a dark alley.



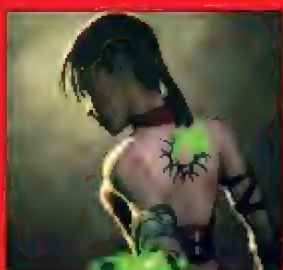
SAMUS ARAN

Who? The bounty hunter who passed as a dude until she removed her mask at the end of the first *Metroid*. Badass cred: Samus is armed with crazy weapons and a killer gunship that helps her answer distress calls from around the galaxy. She trash-talks with the best of them in *Super Smash Bros. Brawl*. Best battle: Destroying her doppelgänger, the Dark Samus, in *Metroid Prime 3 Corruption*.



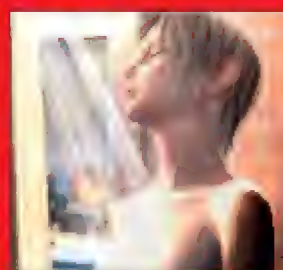
LARA CROFT

Who? The heroine of the *Tomb Raider* series will stop at nothing to retrieve the treasure she's after. And we won't rest until we get a date with her on-screen portrayer, Angelina Jolie. Badass cred: She swings from craggy ledges, hot-steps over lava pits, and hops on snarling two-wheeled hogs—and does it all in short-shorts. Best battle: Slaying the enormous T Rex in the Peruvian jungle.



JENNIFER TATE

Who? Tate, a wisecracking female in *Parasite Eve*, enters a creepy alternate reality in order to save her boyfriend after he's abducted by an evil goon. Badass cred: J.T. can transform into four demonic forms. We think that's pretty hard-core, but might not try to make out with her while she's doing it. Best battle: Taking on her possessed boyfriend—and taking him out.



AVA BREA

Who? A Boston-born beauty, NYPD detective, and star of the *Parasite Eve* series. Badass cred: Ava single-handedly destroys the game's primary villain, Eve, and all the monsters she spawned. And Ava has the skills to move into the FBI's ranks less than a year after joining the NYPD. Best battle: Crushing Eve on New York's Liberty Island at the end of the first title.



JILL VALENTINE

Who? A former member of the military team fighting S.T.A.R.S. She eventually trounces the evil zombie-building Umbrella Corporation in *Resident Evil: The Umbrella Chronicles*. Badass cred: She survives leagues of hungry zombies. Any questions? Best battle: Slaying Nemesis, the horrifically ugly zombie, during the ferocious denouement of *Resident Evil 3: Nemesis*.



The Sexual Cold War

A brilliant new book exposes the Religious Right's latest attacks on human sexuality and erotic freedom.

SEX IN CRISIS: THE NEW SEXUAL REVOLUTION AND THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN POLITICS

By Dagmar Herzog
(Basic Books)

Despite the gains of the Sexual Revolution, which has made us one of the most sexualized countries in the world, we are, at the same time, probably the most sexually repressed of all developed nations. How can we produce most of the world's porn, yet feel the most conflicted about it?

We are inundated with sexual images in advertising, the media, the arts—because capitalism values profits over preaching—which are juxtaposed with the guilt-laden pronouncements of puritanical pastors. The messages of this sexual counter-

These moralists declare that porn makes you depressed and masturbation causes sexual dysfunction.

revolution are "Look but don't touch" and "Be sexy but don't have sex."

These are some of the issues that Dagmar Herzog, a distinguished historian of sexuality, delves into in order to explain Americans' sexual ambivalence. As she explains in *Sex in Crisis*, there is an ongoing sexual cold war in this country, waged by religious conservatives and anti-porn feminists—and it is a war that liberals and supporters of sexual freedom are losing. Despite the progressive attitude of the free-loving sixties—which led to *Penthouse* and all that it stands for—the AIDS epidemic, the popularity of Viagra, and the availability of porn on the Internet gave the modern-day serpent in our Garden of Eden, the Religious Right, the opportunity to subvert the message conveyed by adherents of sexual openness. Herzog eloquently exposes the tactics of this new-Victorian attack on human sexuality.

According to these Christian moralists, premarital sex will damage the love and passion you might later have for a spouse, abortions will ruin your self-esteem, porn will make you depressed, masturbation will cause sexual dysfunction and loss of libido, condoms will make you promiscuous, sexual fantasy will alienate you from your partner, and homosexuality will turn you into a pedophile.

Fueled by millions of tax dollars, half of American high schools teach "sex education," replete with deceptive information about the prevalence of STDs, transmission of HIV, and failure rates of condoms. Abstinence is now offered as a panacea, even though every legitimate psychological study has shown that abstinence programs do not limit teenage sexual behavior. Not telling teens the whole story leads to riskier sexual conduct.

Herzog exposes the nonsense behind the flawed evangelical social studies. She dares to advance the notion that casual sex outside of marriage can actually make us more informed, experienced, and empowered sexual beings. If you believe in the basic human right to guilt-free sexual enjoyment, if you care to protect your sexual freedom, read this brilliant, bold, breathtaking, and blood-boiling book. It will inspire you to become a sexual-rights activist, or at least a guilt-free masturbator.

WHEN YOU ARE ENGULFED IN FLAMES

By David Sedaris

Famed essayist David Sedaris is back, riffing on his life in Paris as well as his childhood (mis)adventures. From a babysitter gone wrong to random airplane encounters, Sedaris excels at transforming ordinary, everyday occurrences into wacky, extraordinary ones.

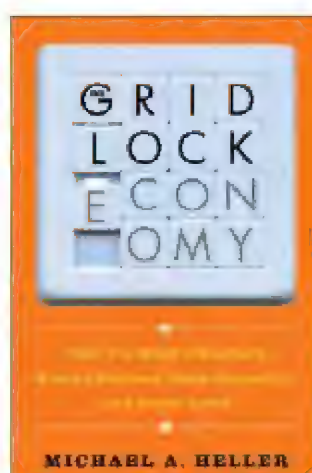
For example, "The Monster Mash," about his encounters with dead bodies at a medical examiner's office, is juxtaposed with observations of fellow hospital waiting-room patients. Another story, "Crybaby," starts out as a tale of a 40-year-old man on a plane who won't stop crying. At first Sedaris finds this annoying, but then he begins to reminisce about his childhood, his grandmother's farts, and being smacked on the head with a wooden spoon by his dad, until he's crying as well.

Other topics careen from slightly serious to absurd, and the locations of these stories veer from Raleigh, North Carolina, to Paris, Tokyo, and beyond. Along the way, Sedaris reveals why he was arrested in Thailand, where to shop for a skeleton, and the thrill of wearing a female padded butt.

This ever-eclectic collection will give you plenty to laugh about ... especially if you're a frequent flier and/or smoker.

author of the *NEW YORK TIMES* bestseller
DRESS YOUR FAMILY IN CORDUROY AND DENIM

david sedaris



THE GRIDLOCK ECONOMY

By Michael A. Heller
(Basic Books)

This could be one of this year's most important books. Heller shows how America lags in almost all areas of human endeavor—from producing lifesaving drugs to building a decent cellphone system (ours is one of the worst in the world). The cause is a legal system of property rights that has metastasized to create too many owners and too many restrictions, a dismal situation that Heller, who teaches real estate law at Columbia Law School, knows inside out. He provides road maps to try to find a detour around the infuriating—and sometimes tragic—gridlock. Maybe the best thing to do is to send a copy of this vital book to your congressional representative. Unless we can put some brakes on our reckless creation of new "rights," the only people to escape gridlock will be intellectual property lawyers. —Peter Bloch

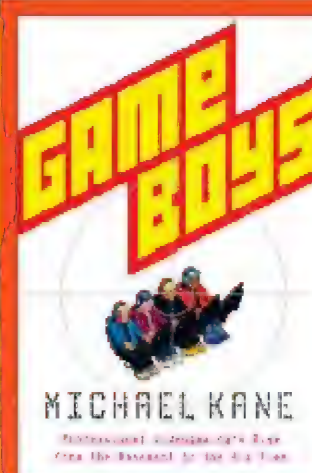


SHINING CITY

By Seth Greenland
(Bloomsbury)

What would you do if one day you went from average family man to running a midsize brothel? That's what Marcus Ripps, the protagonist here, has to figure out after his profligate brother drops dead and leaves him his "dry cleaning" business. "Why can't I be a pimp?" he finally thinks. At first, every woman is simply someone to turn him on, but he winds up becoming a family-friendly boss, giving his workers health care and 401(k) plans. Going from a largely sexless marriage to discussing women's intimate problems is just one of the surprises in store for him; his wife and mother-in-law eventually help run the business.

Still, the Rippses want to be part of the upper class but never quite measure up—and not just because their illegal business is funding their charity endeavors. The absurdity of the scene when Ripps's wife starts a book club for the hookers is part of its charm; it's like *Weeds* with sex. Marcus comes to be known as Pimp Daddy, but the humor of *Shining City* is, there's very little pimping going on. —R.K.B.



GAME BOYS:

PROFESSIONAL VIDEOGAMING'S
RISE FROM THE
BASEMENT TO THE
BIG TIME

By Michael Kane
(Viking)

It's no secret that video games have become big business, and Michael Kane, entertainment features writer for the *New York Post*, vividly recounts gaming's evolution from a nerdy Pac-Man subculture to today's \$9.5 billion (in the U.S. alone) empire. But Kane's main theme is the transformation of the onetime personal rivalry of videogames into competitive entertainment events that now verge on hitting broadcast television. It's a great story that could well make a terrific TV drama itself—even if you've never been tempted to grab a joystick, you'll find yourself rooting for Kane's game boys as if they were "real" athletes. (In fact, given the steroid scandals, this sport is probably as real as any you'll currently see on television.) —P.B.O.

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Spark us up

Sick of the crowds at sanctioned public fireworks displays? We're right there with ya. That doesn't have to mean skipping the lights, bangs, and booms of Independence Day.

By William Spain

There may be no sweeter phrase for the 12-year-old boy in all of us than "Warning: Shoots Flaming Balls." Fortunately, thanks to clever lawyering by the consumer-fireworks industry and the rapid expansion of chains like Phantom Fireworks, it's easier than ever to safely give free rein to the explosives-

loving adolescent within. You can buy the good stuff legally in more than a dozen states and lesser items in several dozen more. But you'd better save up your allowance—the latest and greatest DIY pyrotechnics don't come cheap.

BLOOMING FLOWER

\$35

As "Warning: Emits Showers of Sparks" items go, this fountain is a step down in effect—and danger—from some of the big boys, making it ideal for smaller backyards. Despite that caveat, it does not disappoint. After it's lit, the "petals" spring open, with each shooting out bursts of color interspersed with plenty of whistles and crackles. A sure hit with people who don't like loud noises or are afraid of aerial fireworks.



Wickedly Awesome

\$100

The ultimate in truth in packaging, with 110 shots of snap, crackle, and ka-boom. This perfectly named box of mayhem not only lasts a good long time, but lights up the whole block. Some of the bursts go off one at a time, others in clusters. This is, without a doubt, one of the best cakes made.

Play It Safe

It's not hard to keep from getting burned, literally or figuratively. Safety sissies squawk about the danger of fireworks, but virtually 100 percent of injuries result from stupidity, alcohol, or a combination of the two. (Search for

"assrocket" on YouTube to see what we mean.) Lucky for us, that makes giving safety advice simple.

1. Keep the drinking down until you're done and—duh—*follow the instructions*.

2. Never go back to a "dud" until you're sure it's really out.

3. Find the largest open space—a park, a parking lot, a pier. The beach, with its readily available sand and water for putting out sparks, is ideal.

4. Check for overhead obstructions, like power lines and trees, when using aials.

5. To prevent burned fingers from fuse blowback or wind changes, use a long grill lighter and keep your body as

far away as possible from the item when firing it up.

One more thing: The use of many fireworks is against the law, even where they're legally sold. Keep a little bail (or bribe) money handy.



It's easier than ever to safely give free rein to the explosives-loving adolescent within.



Cirque de Pyrotechnique
\$110

Magnifique! This is another professional-grade item, with angled tubes and concurrent launches that give the 20-round enfant terrible unrivaled reach and intensity. The shots have a wider spread than almost any other repeater, which means it really fills the sky and will literally turn heads as spectators try to track each color and explosion in the panorama.



Hoo-Ah!
\$120

This 500-gram, 16-shot multi-tube is definitely among the best in show, with a heavy base to keep it from tipping and multiple effects, including silver, red, and green breaks and stars. The bursts go off fast, high, and loud, and it ends with a nice crackle. Plus, its "chrysanthemum" effect is one of the closest things to professional-display fireworks on the market.



Rock Around the Clock
\$100

This is another nice fountain, and good for small spaces. It's also, along with the Blooming Flower, the only item here unlikely to bring the cops. It has spinning clock hands with silver spark showers, a triple whistle, and a crackling gold finish.



Da Bomb!
\$140

Sure, it has only nine shots, but they can be heard, if not 'round the world, then certainly 'round the town. The gold, red, green, and silver willows and brocades are followed by flutter, glitter, chrysanthemums, and peonies ... all changing colors at some of the highest elevations found in consumer fireworks. A great ending to your show.

16,000-Count Wolf Pack Firecracker Strip
\$200

There are two basic ways to use the largest consumer strip made: Stretch it out to its 20-plus-foot length, light 'er up, and spend the next ten to 15 minutes listening to them go off a few at a time. (For best results, hang it from something—like a light pole.) But for a real earsplitting experience, pull out a couple of feet and pile up the rest in one big mound. That will send off plenty of fire, light, and sound. Either way, be warned: It leaves one hell of a mess and you'll be finding pieces of burned paper on your lawn for years to come. Best take it to the neighbor's place.



Embracing the Dark Side

Harley-Davidson digs deep into the shadows of the past to find its inner badness and creates a nasty pirate-outlaw with classic styling muscle and a softail heart.

By Bill Heald



Motorcycles are curious creatures, not mere modes of transport, but machines that get under your skin. To be a motorcycle rider is to be liberated from the boardroom, living only for the open road, fresh air, and a full tank of gas.

Motorcycle companies, on the other hand, reside in a far less romantic atmosphere. Two-wheeler manufacturers live in the pragmatic, take-no-prisoners business world. Therefore, every aspect of a new model's production has to be keyed to selling as many units as possible. The

designers address what they think the purchasing public wants, especially when they're trying to land new customers who haven't bought their products before.

Enter Harley's Dark Movement. The Motor Company realized that the average age of its customer is between 40 and 50 years old, and likely to get even older as the years tick by. This was a sobering observation, so the company decided to target younger riders who break from the Jerry Garcia look-alike stereotype, guys who don't need hearing aides, bifocals, or little blue pills. Harley is literally looking to the past to take care of

its corporate future, and it's using twenty-first century daredevils, like skateboarders, to rebrand its image.

The Dark Custom program is designed to bring the bad-boy spirit of Harley past to a whole new audience by embracing the tough, dark, rebellious feel and styling ethos of chopped Hogs and Sportsters that go back several generations. The hope is that this spirit will appeal to the modern rebel, and if the machine you see here stirs your soul, then the company has accomplished its objective.



SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air-cooled, twin-cam 96B
Bore x stroke	95.25 mm x 111.25 mm
Displacement	1584 cc
Fuel system	Electronic sequential-port fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six-speed
Front suspension	Leading-link Springer style
Rear suspension	Dual hidden shocks, horizontally mounted
Front brake	Single 292-mm disc
Rear brake	Single 292-mm disc
Front tire	90/B1672H
Rear tire	200/55R17 78V
Fuel tank	5 gallons
Wheelbase	64.5 inches
Seat height	30.19 inches
Dry weight	700 pounds
MSRP	\$16,795 (black) \$17,140 (color)

Harley's new Cross Bones proves that old is young, and bad is very, very good.

The FLSTSB Softail Cross Bones is the most aggressive representative of the Dark Custom family, which actually started with the Night Rod and Nightster. Built on the Softail chassis that dictates a rigid-frame look with hidden rear shocks (and check out the cool spring-loaded, soft-on-your-tail solo seat), the Cross Bones is loaded with classic Harley architecture.

A number of meticulously researched styling cues capture the hard, restless image of biker badness. These include a manly 1584-cc twin-cam 96B V-twin engine, featuring a black powder-coated finish, polished rocker box covers and pushrod tubes,

and naked, untreated cooling fins. The air-cleaner cover, oil tank, rear fender support, and other choice bits are gloss black, and the straight shot exhaust has slash-cut mufflers. A six-speed cruise drive transmission with belt final drive gets the torque to the tarmac with a retro look, but the Bones has some modern tech as well.

In addition to the sprung seat and old-school floorboards, the most strikingly cool visual cue is the gloss-black Springer front suspension. This elegant engineering throwback trades modern telescopic forks for a

blast from the past, which—in concert with the ape-hanger handlebars—nails the classic Harley mystique.

Bill Davidson, vice-president of Harley's core customer marketing division, closes the deal thusly: "It's a motorcycle inspired as much by our early Knuckles and Pans as by our desire to deliver innovative technology and content to make the ride today as magical and transforming as only a Harley-Davidson can. Cross Bones is a bike that makes me want to strap a blanket across the handlebar, hit the campgrounds on my next road trip, and get totally in touch with what's right about this land." 

"It's all about context. I hate phrases like 'I love your tatas.' It's so college!"

TEST THE WATERS

"Start off slow. If she's shy in bed, tell her how beautiful she is. Then use a Disney-fied slogan: 'Ahh, that feels so good!' You can build up to slightly dirtier lines, like 'You're so wet for me.' I don't expect somebody to sweet-talk me. I go straight for the goods. I don't know how to *not* be dirty. I love the words *pussy* and *cunt*. I think they're sexy. I'm not your normal girl, though."

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE

"No certain thing gets a girl hot. You can say anything. It's all about the moment, and the way you say it. I like men who speak like they have balls—not like some chick-flick dude. You should sound confident. Stare into the girl's eyes. Speak in a deep tone. If you're fucking her hard, then you should have a little bit of sternness in your voice. If you're fucking soft, then you need to be sweet. Just don't step over the line—if you say another girl's name, I'll push you off me."

KEEP IT SIMPLE

"I guess it's okay if a guy says something short and sweet in a different language. But he better not talk the whole time, 'cause I won't understand what the fuck he's saying! I'd probably kick him out of bed if he kept doing it, but it depends on how good he looks and how good he's doing me."


ANATOMY VOCABULARY

"It's about letting loose. I mean, if we were in the moment and a guy said, 'I love your vagina,' I'd be like, 'What?!' I use the word *vagina* all the time, but I'd probably laugh if a guy used it. Phrases like 'I love your tatas' are so college! Just say *tits*. And *penis* sounds clinical. Call it *dick* or *cock*. A guy who says, 'I want you to suck on my throbbing rod,' is definitely trying too hard."

DAMAGE CONTROL

"If she laughs, laugh with her. If she gets weird, kiss her—she won't be able to talk about it. And if she only gives you 'yes/no' answers, then she likes it, but she might not know how to talk dirty. Ask her questions like, 'How does my dick feel?' She'll have to answer eventually."

BARE ESSENTIALS

"Don't over-talk it. It'll just ruin it. During a shoot recently, someone told me he liked the way my pussy sucked his dick. I just started laughing. I was like, 'What are you talking about?' The director was like, 'Cut!' " 

Talk a Blue Streak

It's not enough to rub your woman the right way. Sometimes you have to talk dirty, too. Penthouse Pet Alektra Blue tells you how to push her limits without pushing your luck.

By Jonathan Ages



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Whiskey in the Jar

It's named for a medieval Scottish folk hero/criminal/legend. It's made with the most badass distilled spirit. It's guaranteed to blow your kilt up. Now check out the three W's of the Rob Roy.

By Tucker Shaw

Photograph by Nicholas Eveleigh

WHAT

Whiskey is the big daddy of booze. Its roster of offspring includes bourbon, Scotch, Irish whiskey, and rye, each of which takes the basic whiskey-making process (fermenting a mix of mashed-up grains, or mash; distilling the liquid; then aging it in oak barrels) in a slightly different direction.

Bourbon comes from in and around Bourbon County, Kentucky. It's made from a mash that's mostly corn, then aged for at least two years in oak barrels that have been charred on the inside, which adds color and depth to the whiskey.

Scotch whisky is made from germinated, or malted, barley that's been dried over a fire before it's fermented, so it tastes slightly smoky. It's aged in oak barrels for at least three years. Note: The Scottish (and Canadians) lose the "e" and spell it "whisky." Efficient bastards.

Irish whiskey, like Scotch, is made from grain, usually malted and usually barley, but the mash isn't dried before fermenting, so there's no smokiness.

Rye whiskey, which includes some Canadian whiskies and many American ones, is made from a mash that's mostly, if not all, rye, which makes it sort of spicy.

Blended whiskies are made using different grains in varying proportions, mixed and matched to produce a specific end result: smoothness, spiciness, woodsiness, etc.



WHY

The Rob Roy should be near the top of the endangered cocktails list. No one orders them anymore. This is a shame, because the bracing brew is one of the finest around. Make it your duty to serve them at home, and order them when you're out.

Tip: Don't use the best Scotch in the house for this one. Save the boutique single-malt for sipping, and reach to the second shelf when mixing Rob Roys.

HOW

Ingredients
2 oz. Scotch
splashes of sweet and dry vermouth

Fill bar glass or shaker base halfway with ice cubes. Add Scotch and vermouths. Stir gently for 30 seconds. Set aside. Put three or four ice cubes in an old-fashioned glass. Twist lemon to release oils into the glass, then drop it in. Stir the whiskey mixture for 15 seconds, then strain into glass. Garnish with maraschino cherry.

MIX IT UP

Dry Roy: Use only dry vermouth.
Sweet Boy Roy: Use only sweet vermouth.
Manhattan Roy: Add a few drops of Angostura bitters. **OTW**

This bracing brew is one of the finest around. Make it your duty to serve Rob Roys at home, and order them when you're out.

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star of india

Our 2003 Pet of the Year Sunny Leone is expanding her horizons. "I'm leaving behind cute and sexy to become really hot and sexy," she says. "I'm going to do everything I've always wanted." Lucky for us, that means doing guys.... Sunny recently did her first boy-girl scene, with her real-life lover Matt Erickson.

Photographs by Misha





Sunny was born in India, grew up in Canada, and now makes her home in California. Her exotic beauty and passion for life have given her a world of experience.



"Being Pet of the Year is a high honor. *Penthouse* took me places I could only imagine and gave me the opportunity of a lifetime. I'm very blessed to be able to do this."







"Matt knows exactly what I want and how I want it. We like to mix it up by bringing a girl home every now and then."





"My favorite position is doggie-style, with one of my boyfriend's hands slapping my ass and the other pulling my hair. I'm getting wet just thinking about it."



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Andie Valentino



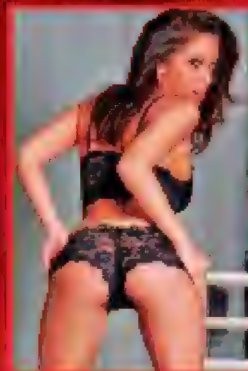
PHW1

Sunrise Adams



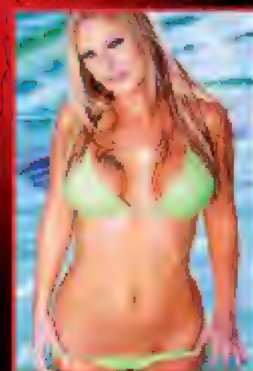
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Cassia Riley



PHW3

Jennifer Emerson



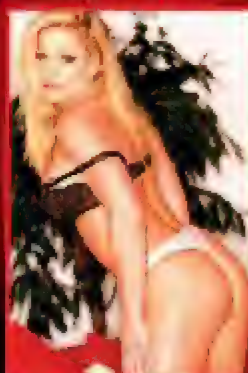
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Suzanna Birch



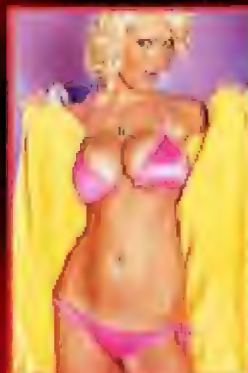
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Tyler Faith



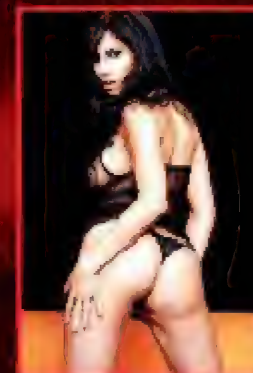
PHW6

Hanna Hilton



PHW7

Jaime Hammer



PHW8

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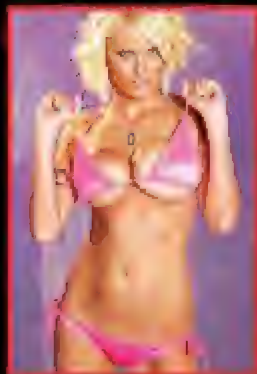
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VANDEVEN
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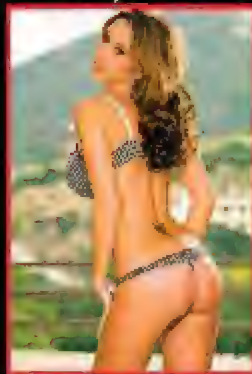
SCREENSAVERS

Hanna Hilton



PHS1

Shay Laren



PHS2

Jamie Lynn



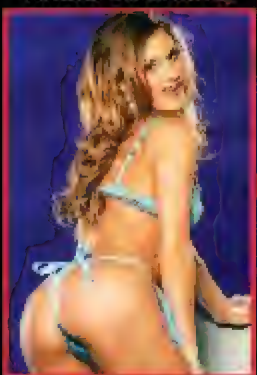
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Heather Vandeven



PHS4

Andie Valentino



PHS5

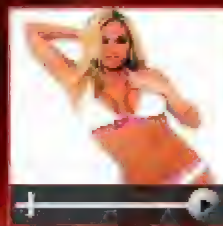
Kimberly Williams



PHS6

VIDEOS

Tyler Faith



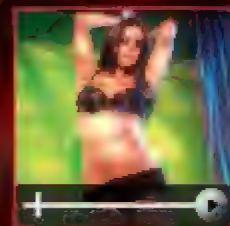
PHV1

Nikie St. Giles



PHV2

Mikayla



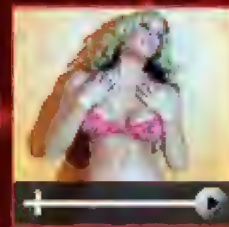
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Zdenka Podkapova



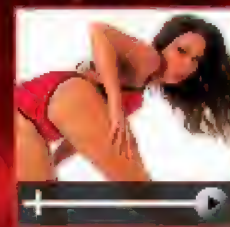
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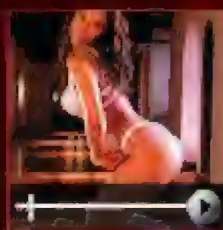
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Lindsey Meadows



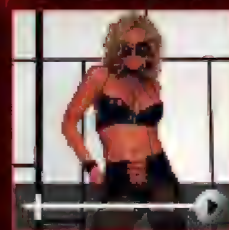
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Suzene



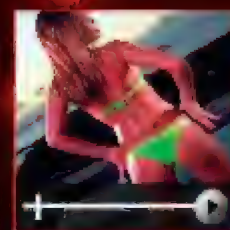
PHV7

Montana Bay



PHV8

Gabi



PHV9

GAMES

BLACKJACK



PHG1

SLOT MACHINE



PHG2

SOLITAIRE



PHG3

SUDOKU



PHG4

RINGTONES

ANSWER THAT B*TCH

PHR1

HEY BABY

PHR2

BOW CHICA WOW WOW

PHR3

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PHR4

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PHR8

G SPOT

PHR9

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Bad, Bold, and King Ass



A Fourth of July celebration of the rogues, rakes, and renegades who make us proud to call ourselves Americans

Ask ten people to define *badass* and you'll get ten different answers. But point to a badass and you'll get a unanimous decision. It's a slippery term, until it springs into action—and then, as they say, you know it when you see it. So, as the Fourth of July approaches, kick back, pop open a PBR, light up an M-80, and join us as we celebrate the toughest, wildest, smartest men and women whose uncompromising spirits keep America beautiful.

Evel Knievel

Breaking 433 bones may have been his *least* badass feat. Sure, his stunts were impressive, but the biggest ones ended in disaster—he tumbled into Snake River Canyon inside a rocket and crushed his pelvis jumping the Caesars Palace fountain (see the incredible footage on YouTube). Still, this is a dude who beat the shit out of his biographer, rumbled with the Hells Angels, and, of course, inspired the *Jackass* generation to prove that no idea is too stupid to try. “God never made a tougher son of a bitch than me,” he said a few months before his death in November 2007. We were too intimidated to argue.—Kara Wahlgren



Sergeant Allen Tan

In Iraq, no weapon is as effective or as devastating as the improvised explosive device. IEDs, which are skillfully crafted and cunningly planted by insurgents, have been the single largest killer of American troops. The Army's Explosive Ordnance and Disposal teams are responsible for disarming these deadly weapons. While most soldiers are running from the bomb, trying to evacuate the area, Sergeant Tan and his team run *into* the blast radius.

"We are the 9-1-1 out here. There is no one else to call," Tan says with some pride. Wire by wire, he has to outsmart, outthink, and outguess the traps and double-redundancy triggers of the bomber.

EOD techs are a strange breed, coolly rational with a touch of crazy, which is, apparently, a combination required for the job. Walking down on a bomb requires recklessness, a sampling of modest insanity. But dismantling a bomb demands a methodical, deliberate mind—the sort that can perform complex mathematics under pressure. "It's a frightening job, but when you're successful, it's also an adrenaline charge," says Tan, with no irony intended.

EOD techs see things that would

make God quiver. "Before every mission, I always imagine the worst," Tan says, referring to the post-blast investigations and their accompanying gore. "Some people feel the pressure too much. They cope by drinking. Question ten EOD techs and you're likely to hear of three or four DUIs, a handful of divorces, and a gambit of financial problems. There is a self-destructive vein that runs through EOD; it's a culture of addiction, obsession, and adrenaline."

Becoming an EOD tech is difficult, testing rigorous, and failure assumed. Trainees at the Eglin Air Force Base are reminded of these risks every time they pass the school's entrance, where the names of those who have died while attempting to disarm IEDs are memorialized. The Army's plaque is full. — *Johnny Rico*

Editor's note: As this issue went to press, we learned of the death of Sergeant Tan's team leader, Lawrence D. "Dave" Ezell. Ezell, who was 30 years old, was killed in Baghdad during combat operations as a result of an IED explosion. We dedicate this article to the memory of this American hero.

Specialist Monica Lin Brown

"I was kind of in robot mode," Specialist Brown recalled of the day in April 2007 when her convoy was halted by a roadside bomb in Afghanistan. The 19-year-old Lake Jackson, Texas, medic ran through enemy gunfire, pulling five wounded soldiers to safety, using her own body to protect them. "I did not really think about anything except for getting the guys to a safer location.... I was nervous," she said, but not for herself. "I did not know how badly the guys were injured. That was scary." Her heroism earned her a Silver Star—the first woman in Afghanistan and only the second woman since World War II to be so honored. — *Peter Bloch*



Kevin Tillman

The hardest swing former minor-leaguer Kevin Tillman ever took wasn't against pro heat. It was at the Pentagon. Kevin and his brother Pat, a former member of the Arizona Cardinals, enlisted in the Army Rangers following 9/11. But when the Pentagon lied about Pat's death—covering up the so-called friendly fire—Kevin brought the fight back home and called out the government for its politically motivated lies. It was a bold and powerful gesture on behalf of his fallen brother. —Jonathan Ages



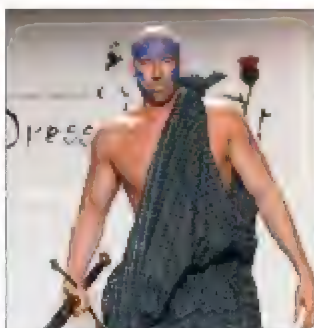
Dexter Filkins

"I knew I was dealing with the lunatic of the parish," said *New York Times* Baghdad bureau chief John Burns, recalling when 42-year-old Dexter Filkins walked in the door in 2003. Burns had worked with Filkins in Afghanistan, and feared that the very real possibility of being blown to bits wouldn't stop Filkins from chasing a good story. During the next three years Burns would be proved right, time and time again. "The reporter who walks side by side with Marines," wrote Jack Shafer on *Slate*, "as Filkins did during the battle of Fallujah, owes nobody an apology, not even the man walking point." Filkins's book, *The Forever War*, is being published this fall. —P.B.



Veeramuthu Kalimuthu

If we were this 46-year-old Columbia University maintenance worker, you can bet our new pickup line would be, "Hey, want to hear about the time I jumped onto the subway tracks to save a stranger's life?" After leaping across three 600-volt rails in New York City's 116th Street station to rescue a man who had tumbled off the uptown platform, Kalimuthu leapt back to his own platform and caught the train downtown. That's right—he jumped back across the rails instead of taking the stairs. —K.W.



Scott Galloway

This 44-year-old hedge-fund manager channeled his inner *Braveheart* warrior and led a successful charge to become one of the directors of America's most prestigious newspaper organizations—the *New York Times* Company. When he's not terrorizing the staid *Times* family owners, the six-foot-two-inch Galloway runs his company, teaches "brand equity" at New York University's Stern School of Business, and raises his young son with his fiancée. —P.B.



Jay-Z

Hova ended last year with a bang. Make that three: He indulged his mafioso obsession on the *American Gangster* concept album, promptly yanked it from iTunes, and resigned as president of Def Jam a month later. Career suicide? Not quite. The album became his tenth to hit number one (only the Beatles had more), and he recently signed a \$150 million deal with Live Nation. But his latest merger may be the most enviable—he tied the knot with Beyoncé in April. File that under "Life's not fair." —K.W.



The New York Giants

On September 23, 2007, the Giants were 0-2 and on exactly zero short lists of Super Bowl contenders. But they won that day and kept on winning until they met the Patriots in Super Bowl XLII. The Pats, 12-point favorites, were gunning for a historic 19-0 record. Yet with a 13-yard touchdown pass from game MVP Eli Manning to Plaxico Burress in the final minute, the Giants won 17-14. "There's just something about this team," Manning said at the time. We couldn't agree more. —Mac Montandon

Kimbo Slice

"Everyone has a plan until they get punched in the mouth."—Mike Tyson

Whether they improvised it seconds before a bare-knuckle brawl in a Miami backyard or had it carefully constructed by a team of trainers starting six months ahead of a promoted televised bout, all of Kimbo Slice's opponents have had at least a semblance of a strategy in mind before taking him on.

And then they get punched in the mouth. That's when they shift into survival mode.

At the age of 34, Slice, the 265-pound street-fighting legend-turned-budding mixed-martial-arts superstar, is finally cashing in on those punches. Cashing in to the tune of record attendance numbers at his EliteXC-promoted MMA fights. Cashing in to the tune of some of Showtime's best live viewership numbers ever.

A BET reality show is in the works; his face—gold teeth and all—graces T-shirts worn by teenage kids from coast to coast; and a series of webisodes titled "What Would Kimbo Do" are some of the most frequently downloaded videos on the popular Internet humor site Break.com. He's stolen the show on *Jimmy Kimmel Live*, been profiled on ESPN and in *Rolling Stone*, and attracted a monstrous fan base that includes everyone from Miami Dolphins star Jason Taylor to *America's Most Wanted* host John Walsh.

Former WCW and WWE superstar Bill Goldberg says, "Kimbo is bigger than any wrestler in the world right now. There are no more Rocks, Steve Austins, Hulk Hogans, or Goldbergs. Wrestling is not the cool thing anymore; mixed martial arts is. Can Kimbo be as big as those guys were? Hell, he could be even bigger."

It's certainly been an interesting few years for Kevin "Kimbo Slice" Ferguson. Before venturing into MMA, he worked as a bodyguard for Reality Kings NetMedia—an online porno company responsible for websites like MILFHunter.com. Kimbo says his job was to "keep everyone straight and safe" on set.

Off the set, Slice was gradually building a rep as a badass street fighter. He took on anyone who dared challenge him, and the results were captured in a series of raw, savage clips that took viral video sites like YouTube and Google Video by storm.



There was Kimbo, going toe-to-toe with a string of bad hombres—guys you wouldn't dream of messing with—and leaving most of them in a puddle at his feet. These backyard brawls generated millions of views—enough to earn Slice a contract with the mixed martial arts circuit EliteXC.

Fast-forward to February 2008. A sellout crowd at the University of Miami's BankUnited Center is chanting "Kimbo, Kimbo" in manic unison. It's a homecoming of sorts for Ferguson, a native of the 305, and he doesn't disappoint: After emerging from a cloud of smoke behind his imposing entourage, Slice destroys his opponent Tank Abbott—the only man to defeat him in his YouTube street-fighting days—in 43 seconds.

It's an impressive display, yet some observers remain unconvinced,

saying Slice has a way to go to master the myriad techniques involved in MMA. Dave Doyle, a boxing and MMA writer for Yahoo! Sports, says, "Kimbo's punching power and overall boxing game are already among the best in MMA. But we've yet to see anything that would suggest he could hang with a wrestler like Randy Couture or a submission artist like Antonio Rodrigo Nogueira."

Kimbo uses such critiques as motivation, "I am who I am. If anyone wants to hate on me, let them hate," he says. "I need that."

In truth, since turning pro in June 2007, Kimbo Slice has made great strides as a mixed martial artist. He trains with Bas Rutten, one of the all-time UFC greats, and he has begun incorporating traditional martial-arts techniques into his repertoire. Whether or not he can reach the necessary level to become a champ, given his relatively advanced age, remains to be seen, but for now, the possibilities are wide open.

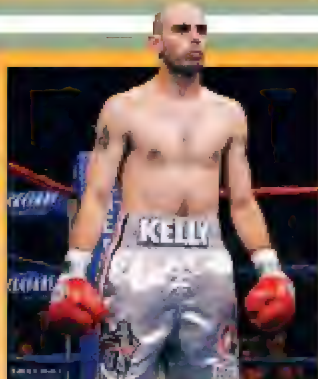
Kimbo's just taking it one punch to the mouth at a time.—Peter Schrager

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (MILLER) AGENCY ZOOM/GETTY IMAGES (PAVLIK) (CONSM) (CODY) JIM PELLI/AN/WIREIMAGE (CHIEF) ARNOLD TURNER/WIREIMAGE (MCCARTHY) ERIC CHARBONNEAU/WIREIMAGE



Bode Miller

Miller flamed out at the 2006 Olympics, where he talked smack to the press, then under-achieved on the slopes, finishing out of medal contention in all five events he entered. Cut to the 2007-08 World Cup season, when Miller severed ties with U.S. skiing and set out on his own, forming Team America—Bode Miller. He won the World Cup overall and combined titles, and became the winningest Alpine skier in U.S. history (31 career victories). We call that a badass turnaround.—*John Bolster*



Kelly Pavlik

The rust-belt metropolis of Youngstown, Ohio, is famous for its faded steel industry and its rugged athletes. World middleweight champion Kelly "the Ghost" Pavlik upholds the tradition in style, with a knack for winning dramatic battles, usually by knockout. He won the title in 2007 by rallying from a second-round knockdown to stop Jermain Taylor in Round 7. Fluke? Not a chance—Pavlik took the rematch in February 2008 to run his record to 33-0 with 29 knockouts.—*J.B.*



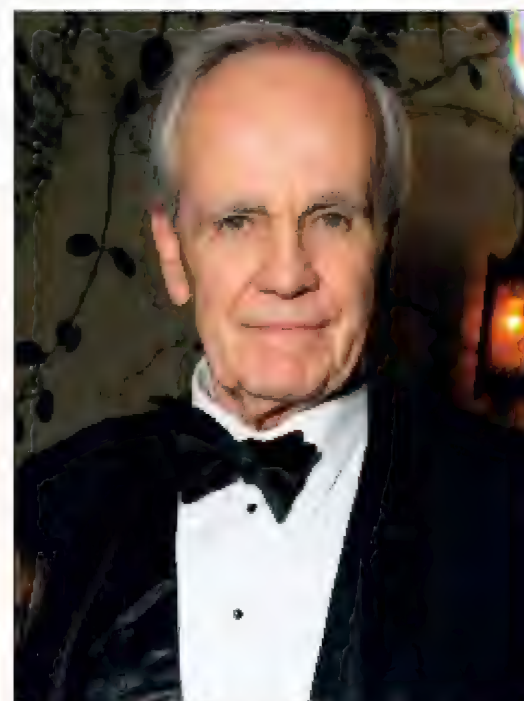
Diablo Cody

Some people have complained that *Juno* screenwriter Diablo Cody exploits her racy past as a Minnesota stripper. We, on the other hand, see nothing wrong with a girl who wins an Oscar with her very first screenplay but still waxes nostalgic for her lap-dancing days. Lucky for us, Cody stays true to her inner vixen—she's already penned a musical called *Burlesque*, along with a horror movie that will star Megan Fox. Thanks in advance, Diablo!—*K.W.*



Don Cheadle

So far he's played a porn star, a bomb-savvy heist man, a genocide-era hotelier, and a laundry list of tough-talking detectives and undercover agents. In the coming year, he'll star as a rogue CIA operative, the leader of a slave rebellion, and Miles Davis. Let's just say there's a reason we never worry that Cheadle will turn up in *The Pacifier 2*. He's no pussy off-screen, either—he's visited Sudan refugee camps, and even kicked Phil Ivey's ass in poker. (Just once, but still.)—*K.W.*



Cormac McCarthy

McCarthy generally avoids the spotlight, so it was strange to see the novelist at the Oscars, applauding as Joel and Ethan Coen won the Best Picture and Best Director Oscars for their adaptation of *No Country for Old Men*. It was also strange to see the lion's share of the credit going to the Coens and Best Actor winner Javier Bardem, considering how faithful they were to the source material. But no matter: With *The Road* set for a film release later this year and *Blood Meridian* in 2009, audiences will have new reasons to read the McCarthy canon.—*J.B.*

In Memoriam

You know the Oscars montage of all the Hollywood stars that died in the past year? Well, this is like that, but with real-life badasses.

BENAZIR BHUTTO

The former Prime Minister of Pakistan was assassinated while fighting for democracy.

DITH PRAN

This Cambodian-born *New York Times* photojournalist survived Cambodian genocide and inspired *The Killing Fields*.

CHARLTON HESTON

He played heroes, and he was one. Not to mention the face of the National Rifle Association for years.

ISRAEL "CACHAO" LOPEZ

This Cuban bassist and composer was the real "Mambo King."

ROY SCHEIDER

His *Jaws* beach-cop performance helped revolutionize the summer blockbuster.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY

Rebooted American conservatism and somehow made it seem cool.

NORMAN MAILER

Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist with enormous ambitions and, often, the talent to match.

SIR EDMUND HILLARY

He and his climbing mate were the first men to summit Mount Everest. 'Nuff said.



Ben Stein

We love Ben Stein. For years, he's been a good friend to *Penthouse*, publishing dozens of great and funny pieces about everything from California cars to Osama bin Laden. His recent columns in the *New York Times* that took Wall Street to task for running amok while middle-class America goes down the tubes make him a real American badass for sure. Unfortunately, he also decided to take on the theory of evolution—which makes him this year's dumbass as well. Sorry, Ben—you're a lot of things, but you're no Charles Darwin. And your "documentary" *Expelled* makes you look as silly as the teacher you played in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*. You should stick to things you know—like acting, analyzing the economy and the law, writing presidential speeches, being a game-show host, and being funny. Isn't that enough for one lifetime?—P.B.

International Badasses

Believe it or not, America doesn't have a monopoly. Here are some leading offshore contenders.

SAM JUDD

Type "shark attack in the Galápagos" into YouTube and watch him calmly describe how his leg came to look like ground chuck.

NICOLAS SARKOZY

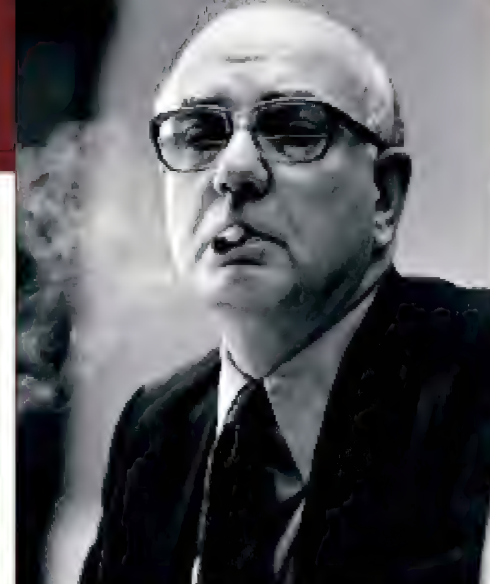
The French president is living Bill Clinton's dream of a term in office, except Carla Bruni (at right, with Sarkozy) is many times hotter than Monica Lewinsky.

ROBBIE MADISON

The 26-year-old Aussie rang in 2008 in style by jumping a world-record 322 feet seven inches on his motorcycle. Next up? 400 feet.

RICHARD BRANSON

The billionaire adventurer funded a group of venerable, problem-solving former statesmen and opened a chain of revolutionary health-care clinics in the U.K.



Paul Volcker

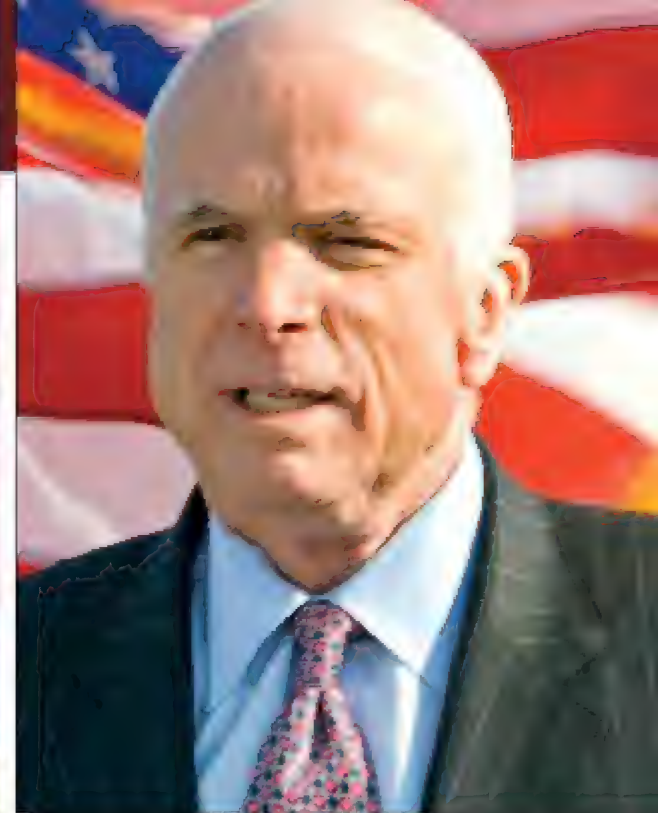
This acerbic 80-year-old from Cape May, New Jersey, made life better for billions of people when, as chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank in the 1980s, he reversed the worst economic crisis since the Great Depression. "I'm always looking for the dark cloud behind the silver lining," he says—and lately the clouds have been threatening a terrible financial storm. You may not earn a lot of affection by telling the hard truths, but you earn our respect.—P.B.



Jeff Novitzky

"If he ever messes with Roger, Roger will eat his lunch," Roger Clemens's lawyer said earlier this year. That lawyer has probably eaten those words ... many times over. IRS Special Agent Jeff Novitzky's determined pursuit of drug cheating has made the 40-year-old Californian a nightmare to many athletes and forever changed the way we look at sports. As Novitzky moves on to the Food and Drug Administration to investigate illegal drug distribution, his legacy is that we now have some of the tools needed to level the playing field for real.—P.B.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (STEIN) SHANNON FAGAN/GETTY IMAGES; (VOLCKER) AP PHOTO/JOHN DURICKA; (NOVITZKY) AP PHOTO/SUSAN WALSH; (SARKOZY) AP PHOTO/REMY DE LA MALU INIERE; (CLINTON) WIN McNAMEE/GETTY IMAGES; (OBAMA) SCOTT OLSON/GETTY IMAGES; (MCCAIN) PAUL J. RICHARDS/AF/GETTY IMAGES; (ASHONG) THE LAIN AGENCY; (PAUL) LARRY W. SMITH/EPA; CORBIS; (WILLIAMS) LARRY W. SMITH/EPA; CORBIS; AND (JAMES) ANDREW BRUSCO/CORBIS



Hillary Clinton, Barack Obama, and John McCain

No matter who wins the election this fall and is sworn in as America's 44th president on January 20, 2009, history will be made. We will either have the first African-American president in U.S. history, the first woman kicking back in the Oval Office, or ... John McCain, who, at 71 (and there is no other way to put this), would be our oldest elected prez. In the age of relative enlightenment, it's easy to lose sight of just what a *huge fucking deal this is*. We've come a long way: Black Americans were ostensibly given the right to vote with the Fifteenth Amendment in 1870, but it wasn't until the passage of the Voting Rights Act nearly 100 years later that such rights were fully realized. Women weren't included in the electoral process until 1920. Being white, Christian, and Republican, McCain's ascent might, ahem, pale in comparison, but remember, he built his political persona around the idea that he's a bipartisan maverick, and made few friends among established conservatives during the bruising primary campaign in 2000. Plus, Jon Stewart likes him, and that counts for plenty. So one way or another, we will soon have a badass in chief.—M.M.



Derrick Ashong

When a handheld videocamera found a random face in the crowd at an L.A. rally for Barack Obama earlier this year, a new media star was launched. The camera's operator, identified only as "Mike," doggedly questioned Ashong about his support for Obama. The 32-year-old musician and political activist's well-informed analysis of the candidate's health-care plan made most cable news desk jockeys look like blithering idiots. One million YouTube views (and counting) later, Ashong has become an important part of this memorable campaign.—M.M.

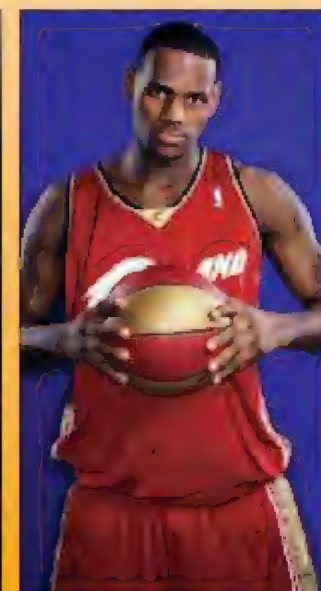


Josh Marshall

Contrary to the hackneyed blogger stereotype, Marshall does not work in his underwear. Sure, it would make an even better story if the Talking Points Memo founder—who won the prestigious George Polk journalism award for helping expose the dubious efforts of former attorney general Alberto Gonzales—did all that in his flannel boxers. But Marshall's Little Website That Could is doing just fine, thanks: After making its mark during the 2000 presidential recount debacle, it is now a must-read for candidates and pundits on both sides of the aisle.—J.A.

The NBA's New Stars

Remember that NBA ref who was on the take? What was his name, anyway? Yeah, we forgot, too. Seems like ages ago. It's amazing what a spectacular season can do for a league, and that wide smile you see on the cold, calculating, and usually unsmiling lips of Commissioner David Stern is there because his National Basketball Association hasn't enjoyed a season as compelling, competitive, and just plain high-quality as this one since the heydays of Michael Jordan, Larry Bird, and Magic Johnson. It was quite literally enough to make fans forget the worst scandal of Stern's tenure, and the commish has his young guns (and a few old hands) to thank for it: Kobe Bryant, Chris Paul (can you *believe* how good Chris Paul is?), LeBron James, Kevin Garnett, Deron Williams, Dwight Howard, Kevin Durant, Pau Gasol, Caron Butler, Andre Iguodala, Brandon Roy.... We could go on, Mr. Stern, yes, we could.—J.B.



The Devil in Mr. Jones

Reformed former football (as in soccer) thug Vinnie Jones may have traded English turf for L.A. surf, but as *Penthouse* recently discovered, he still has a nose for trouble.

By Rebecca Swanner

Moderate temperatures, minimal wind, and flat terrain make Los Angeles an ideal place to own a motorcycle, right? Well, not always, as it turns out. The day Vinnie Jones sped across town on his Softail Heritage Harley to meet me at a swanky Hollywood hotel, L.A. sat under heavy clouds erupting with blustery rains. Jones arrived sopping wet, his leather jacket dripping puddles onto the plush carpet.

Yet even the nasty weather couldn't dampen the Brit's spirits. And for good reason: The former soccer stud and currently in-demand actor has been working on the upcoming Larry Bishop film *Hell Ride*, a pulpy revenge tale on two wheels starring Dennis Hopper, Michael Madsen, and lots and lots of hot girls. Tough gig, eh?



But we're getting ahead of ourselves. Jones is here to talk about *The Midnight Meat Train*, the new horror flick from Clive Barker, who brought us delightfully creepy (and occasionally cheesy) movies like *Lord of Illusions*, *Candyman*, and the *Hellraiser* series. Barker's latest film doesn't veer far from his (dis)comfort zone. It centers on Jones's character, Mahogany, who slaughters pigs by day and New York City subway riders by night. The role marks a mellowing for Jones. He is the guy, after all, who memorably and unmercifully gripped Paul Gascoigne's balls during a footie match and bit a journalist's nose in the middle of an interview.

The 43-year-old has since made a conscious effort to resolve things in a less ... aggressive fashion. Since debuting in Guy Ritchie's 1998 shaggy gangster flick *Lock, Stock, and Two Smoking Barrels* Jones has expanded his portfolio by starting his own soccer league and releasing an album of bluesy soul music. Not to worry, though—the nad-mashing nostril-nibbler hasn't gone completely soft.

You worked around a lot of dead animals in *The Midnight Meat Train*—ever think of becoming a vegetarian?

No, I love meat. In the last six months, I've gotten into Kobe steaks. But I tried going vegetarian once and it was a nightmare. This was 20 years ago, so it was a lot harder to get something to eat. I think people who are vegetarians and people who don't drink ... there's something dodgy about them.

Were you a big partier growing up? You lived close to London.

We used to do it all, especially when I started playing football. Ministry of Sound, Hippodrome ... every club that opened, we were there. I grew up listening to the Madness, the Specials, UB40, U2, and then got into the retro stuff. It was exciting at first because you'd see Georgie Best and all the soccer players, but at the end of the day, they're human beings. After six months of banging my head, I got sick to death of it. Plus, it was sort of hard to take me mates I grew up with because they couldn't afford it. They liked drinking in the pub, so I gave up the clubbing, became a geezer again, and hung out with them.

But you've since stopped drinking, right?

I found out that wine and spirits don't suit me. When I finished football, I was very conscious of putting on weight. So I started drinking wine, but it just chemically doesn't agree with me.

Does that help you stay out of trouble?

I phoned [former Sex Pistol] Steve Jones on my 40th birthday and said, "Jonesie, I think I've got a problem." He said, "Yeah, you have." So we had lots of chats and he said, "This is where you're at, and this is where you're going to fucking end up if you keep getting in trouble like this." I just—*bang!*—stopped. I didn't have a drop of alcohol for two years, and now I just have a few beers—light ones if I can.

Wasn't it Jones who originally asked you to join the Hollywood United Football Club?

Yeah. I was in the video shop and he just comes in and goes, "Hey mate." I didn't recognize him. He didn't say, "Hey I'm Steve Jones, Sex Pistols," which, if you're cool, you don't do. He says, "We've got a football team here called Hollywood United, you fancy a kickabout Sunday?" So I became one of the founding members.

Do you still play with them?

No. I've got my own team now, the Hollywood All Stars.

Are the games public? Could we come watch?

Sure! We always need pretty girls.

What a charmer! So what celebrities are on your team?

Jason Statham and Scott [Anderson], who was in *Vacancy*.

The many faces and, um, tactics of Vinnie Jones: In *Lock, Stock, and Two Smoking Barrels*, *Strength and Honor* (below), *The Midnight Meat Train* (right), and famously groping fellow footbrawler Paul Gascoigne (bottom).



"I tried going vegetarian once and it was a nightmare. I think people who are vegetarians and people who don't drink ... there's something dodgy about them."

It seems you still have a love for the game. Why did you ultimately choose acting over football?

I was always the bad boy, getting in trouble. Other people could cast their fucking wand over me, but I wanted to be my own spirit. I thought, well, [as an actor] I don't have to answer to anybody. I did it for a lot of reasons. I'd done 15 years—it was a long stint of getting up and training every day. As a kid I couldn't believe it in my wildest ambitions, but it does become a job—same as this.

Do you think England will ever win another World Cup?

I'm not that worried about it, but I don't think they will with the way all the foreigners are taking over and not giving the national team a chance. I'd like to see it being more of a Great Britain team. They'd have more of a chance. Have it like they do in the Olympics—Britain.

Did you and Gascoigne ever make up after you pinched his nuts? Seems like a tough thing to come back from.

I feel sorry for him because there was that photo and then one of him crying at the World Cup. That picture of us will live on longer than me and him. A lot of people think it was acted out or planned or whatever—it really wasn't.

"*Hell Ride* has the hottest chicks that have been in a movie in the last ten years. It's fucking *beyond*. There are orgies, the girls are on the girls—it's full on."

That said, we hear you're a bit of a practical joker on the set.
[Laughs] I am. It comes from the Wimbledon days. It's nice because you couldn't do 'em now in football. All the lads know 'em.

Tell us one.

Well... I won't name the actor, but you get into their trailer's toilet and put plastic wrap on it. He goes for a number two and doesn't see it, and then *really* doesn't admit to it.

I'm like a little kid on the set, and I tend to befriend the crew more than the cast. When I go onto a set, after a week, they're like, "We're really surprised. You're not what we thought you were going to be." And I say, "What? You think I come into work growling and grabbing people by the throat?"

Or grabbing *other* things.... Is there anything at work that does upset you?

I get pissed off easy if things are not professional. Would I come to work and not know my fucking lines? Never.

Have you had to put up with that?

I did work with one big actress who was like that. It was just awful. A very good friend of mine who is a director and producer said working with these women is a real nightmare. I've had to deal with a couple of actors who were disrespecting the hair and makeup girls. I'm standing there thinking, you wouldn't get away with this on the street, in a restaurant, or in fucking Best Buy, but because you're an actor and they're powerless against you, you're fucking making them look *that* big. I've told a couple of actors off. It's disgusting when you treat anybody like that. I'm very much a stickler on morals and stuff.

Where do you get that from?

I think me dad. You shake hands with me or my dad, and that's the fucking deal.

Now, you might be big on morals, but the character you play in *The Midnight Meat Train* sure isn't. Why did you want to play the villain?

Like Freddy Krueger or Jack Nicholson in *The Shining*, this was a chance to be a great character someone remembers for years and years. My character, he threatens you with his silence. Everything is so methodical. He's emotionless. He does these [murders] like you would go buy a loaf of bread at the market.

How did you get into his head?

From the script. When you start reading it you know there's something wrong with this guy but you don't know what it is. He's actually fulfilling his orders. He's on the train and he's feeding these things that live where the train finishes up.

Creepy. And now you're filming *Hell Ride*.


That's where I was this morning. It's *Reservoir Dogs* on motorbikes. It's fucking awesome. It's got Larry Bishop, Tarantino, David Carradine, Dennis Hopper, Eric Balfour, and the hottest chicks that have been in a movie in the last ten years. *Coyote Ugly*? It'll just smash that! And they're all biker girls.

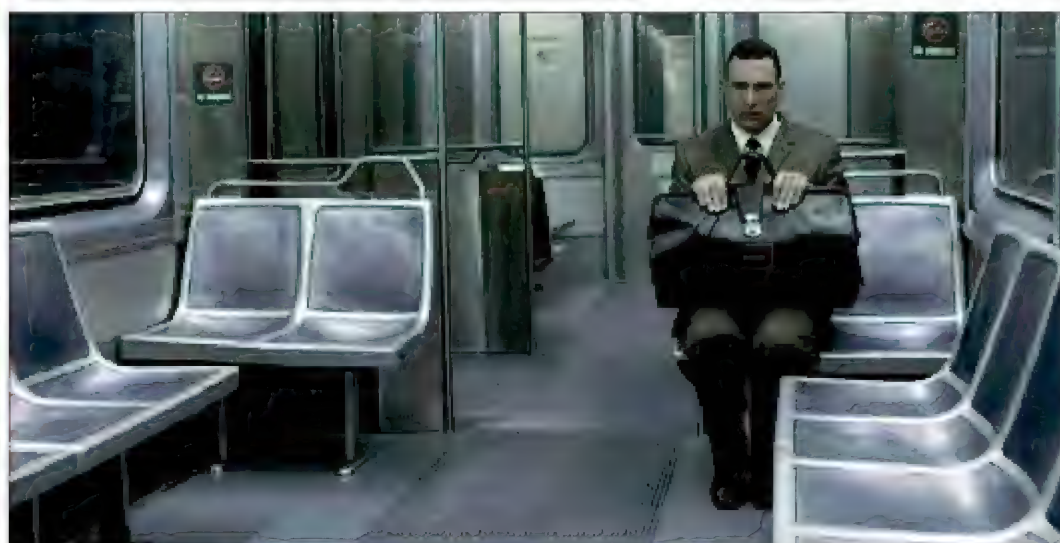
Do we get to see a lot of them?

When you see *Hell Ride*, it's fucking *beyond*. There are orgies, the girls are on the girls—it's full on. But the wives, they don't like it. It's acting, but where is the line? Where is the line that makes them fucking cranky? In *Mean Machine*, the girl just goes down and pretends to give me a blowjob and my wife fucking freaked.

How much had you ridden before this?

When I was 18, I had a motorbike and I had a quite bad accident. I was flying around the bend in a country lane and a lorry came over. I flipped the bike, went through a barbed wire fence and smashed myself up. Nothing permanent, but I hadn't touched a motorbike until I went and did the ride around for *Hell Ride*. I drove for an hour with the stunt guy and got that bug back. So I rung Statham and said, "I'm going to pick you up and we're going to go down to the Harley store and just have a look." I ended up riding back on a brand-new Harley.

I once heard that if you had to pick one actress—living or dead—to have a love scene with, you'd pick Marilyn Monroe. Why?
She's the sort of girl I think you could spend a long weekend or a week with and that would be enough. I think she was nuts. 



Tit for Tat

Women love to fuck the men who tattoo them.
That makes me a very lucky guy.

As told to Linda Giustino

If you think about it for a minute, it's simple common sense. Women get tattoos to decorate their bodies and show them off. In fact, women who are heavily tattooed tend to be liberal and open to trying new things, and, from what I've found, they're very sexual beings.

Even girls who get tattooed just to be rebellious and piss off their parents, or who are doing something wild because they recently broke up with a boyfriend, are up for flirting with a "bad boy" tattoo artist. Lots of them get turned on by just the thought of who I am.... If they're sitting in front of me getting a tattoo, they're usually at a point in their lives where they are looking for someone like me—even if it's only a passing whim. And I'm only too happy to play the role they're fantasizing about.

I'm 25 years old and work in Manhattan. I never really expected the job to get me laid as much as it does ... but of course it shouldn't be surprising—so many women get tattooed nowadays. And they are usually young and hot. They sit in my chair, their adrenaline going, their hearts racing. They're usually giddy with excitement, so I try to calm their nerves and make them feel comfortable. My hands touch their flesh as I lean over their bodies, the warmth of my breath a comfort to them as I calmly inflict pleasure and pain at the same time. They have to trust me, and they almost always feel an instant bond with me. Some tats take hours, and I talk with the customer the whole time.

If there is any chemistry between a girl and me, I know it's a good bet that we're going to hook up. If she's

really cute, I start getting a massive hard-on knowing what's going to happen.... Some girls have even asked me to stop in the middle and fuck them. At that point, I have to put aside my urges and be a professional. If you stop in the middle of a tattoo, the skin becomes raw. I have to remain focused on the task at hand, all the while knowing I'm going to fuck the shit out of this girl when I am done.

I have one client who is a regular. I know it's going to be a good day when I see her name in the appointment book. After every tattoo I give her, she takes me into the bathroom and sucks me off. But she isn't the only one who has given me a blowjob as a tip for a job well done.

Once, two girls came in to get matching tattoos. They were both flirting with me the whole time, but since they were also all over each other, I assumed they were lesbians. I flirted back but didn't make a move. As they were leaving, I gave them my business card, as I always do with new customers. About two hours later, I got a phone call. It was one of the girls. She asked me if I had liked them and if I wanted to come over and play. I had no one else scheduled, so I quickly closed up shop.

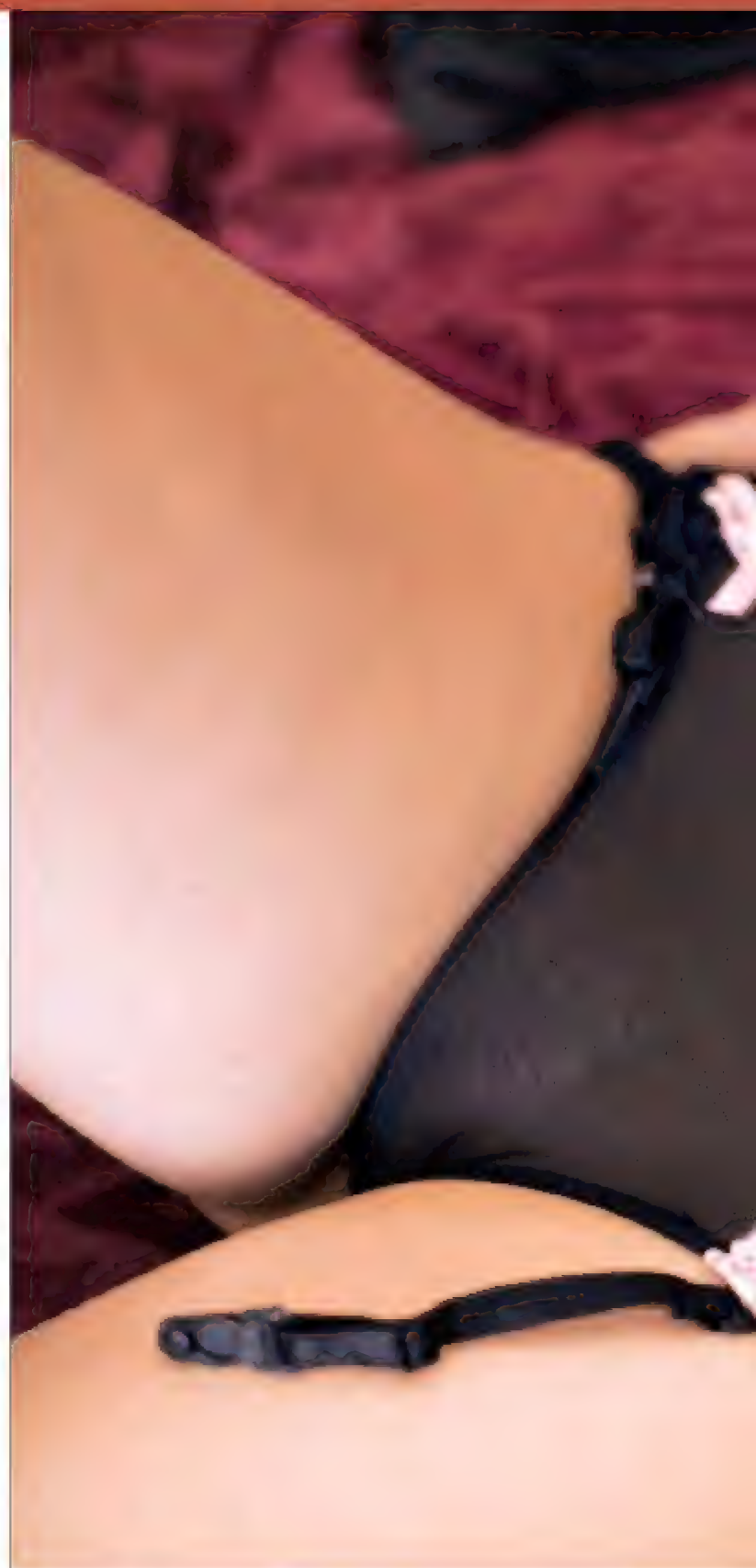
They had my clothes off almost as soon as I got there. But then something happened that was a first for me—they told me that they were both having their periods and asked if I

I know it's going to be a good day when I see one client's name in the appointment book. After every tattoo I give her, she sucks me off.

would fuck them anyway. Being as sexually adventurous as I am, I jumped right in there. I'm game for anything. It was messy and I loved it—but I did make sure to put on a condom. I'm a sex maniac, not crazy!

I would fuck one girl and the other would lick the blood off my dick, and then I'd fuck her, too. And they were eating each other out.

Finally, an hour or so later, I threw some water on my face and said good-bye. It was definitely a day to





PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER M. FISHER (CORBIS)

remember—but it wasn't over yet!

On the way home, my buddy called my cell. He was at a bar and had run into this girl I had a thing for. She was the hottest thing I'd ever seen, and even though I had tattooed her a few times, we had never hooked up. My friend told me that she had been asking for me ... so how could I not rush over immediately, even though I desperately needed a shower?

When I got there, she started running her fingers up and down my arms and looking at my chest and neck, admiring all my tattoos. She confessed that she had gotten a new one, and I was insulted that she went to someone other than me. (I wasn't

being totally serious, but I was still pissed about her "disloyalty.")

"Let me see it," I demanded.

"I can't show you here," she said. "It's in a private spot."


"Let's go to the bathroom," I said. "I want to see this asshole's work."

Next thing I knew, she took my hand, dragged me into the bar toilet, and locked the door. "I don't really have a new tattoo," she said with a laugh. "I just used that as an excuse to get you in here."

We made out hot and heavy, till she whispered, "Fuck me now!"

I started to panic. I still had dried blood all over my cock from the other two girls. I thought fast and turned her around to fuck her from behind. She pulled down her panties—and here comes the really insane part: "I hope you don't mind," she said, "but I'm on my period now."

Needless to say, that wasn't a problem for me! I proceeded to get messy all over again.

That was definitely one of the craziest nights of my life. Of course, I had to tell the guys in the shop the whole story the next day. I don't think I'll ever live it down. 



The Baghdad Bubble

Crushing rebel attacks, dismantling Third World power grids, firing on mosques. Penthouse reports on the always treacherous, sometimes lucrative life of a mercenary in a post-Blackwater-scandal world.

By Jonathan Franklin

The United States Army Special Forces refused the mission. Too much ground fire. Too high a chance of getting shot into Swiss cheese. Suicide, they said. So when two American mercenaries volunteered for the job, the Army was only too happy to provide the helicopter and pilots.

"We said, 'Let's Go!' and everyone was like, 'Are you kidding?'" says "Chad Daniels," a 33-year-old private mercenary from Los Angeles.

Last fall, Daniels and his fellow merc flew to the drop-off zone in central Iraq. "The chopper won't even land, we are taking so much ground fire. So [the Army pilot] bumps down, gives cover fire, and we run to our GPS point. We are taking fire the whole time, but we are not even thinking about it. The guys in the helicopter were like, 'You are fucking crazy! Who the fuck are you guys?'"

Good question. Mercenaries and private armies are not new, of course, but the world was introduced to the dangerous, morally murky world of modern mercenaries last September, when a team of Blackwater Worldwide employees opened fire at a traffic circle in Baghdad. An estimated 17 Iraqis were killed, and the entire private security contractor industry was suddenly, and unwillingly, in the media spotlight.

The Iraqi government wanted to expel Blackwater, Congress began investigating, and the concept of paid killers was thrust

onto the front pages of newspapers worldwide.

But then the controversy receded in the war's rearview mirror and businesses like Blackwater—who call themselves private military companies—continued to rent out these deadly efficient units. The mercenaries of today can board a helicopter or a rented 727 jet and be instantly delivered anywhere in the world to carry out a mission. With GPS devices and satellite phones, squadrons are able to reconnoiter in the most remote corners of the world, be it Pakistan or Paraguay. But still the question remains: *Who the fuck are these guys?*

"Of course you never tell [the military soldiers] who you are," says Daniels, who asked that we change his name to protect his identity. He has worked as a private mercenary for the past three years, selling his services at \$18,000 a month for top-secret commando missions. "But they know. You have no uniform and you have weapons they are not allowed to have and everything is modified out the yin-yang."

The missions handed to these rental warriors range from supporting African governments against rebel onslaughts to attacking mosques in Iraq. "Either they don't want to do the

"If [the DOD] is bringing contractors in, negotiations are pretty much over. It's a matter of getting things done."



mission or it is too risky for them," explains Daniels, who spent 30 months fighting for the Pentagon in Africa and the Mideast. "For example, on the military side, if you are taking fire from a mosque, the military can't engage. On the private side, they don't have a set of rules that says they can't find that person that is shooting at the military and kill them. They do things like that."

Previously, an Army commander needed thousands of bodies to swing the balance of power. Today's model is based on the work of Special Forces—12-person A-Teams gifted in guerrilla operations and stealth.

These teams are capable of sneaking into a country, erasing all computer records at the central bank, destroying the power grid, and assassinating key opposition leaders. In such places as South Africa, Colombia, and Uganda, private soldiers like Daniels are used for top-secret operations—run and paid for by the United States government.

"Usually the rebels are coming in and killing a lot of people and the contractors are brought in to protect the people. The contractors go in and do what they need to do to get people cooperating," says Daniels, who last year spent nine weeks in Southern Africa on an anti-guerrilla mission. Daniels emphasizes that Geneva Convention rules regulating the treatment of prisoners do not apply to mercenaries. "If [the Department of Defense] is bringing contractors in, negotiations are pretty much over. It is a matter of getting things done."

Daniels mocks coverage of mercenaries in the mainstream media as superficial at best. "It is amazing how many countries the DOD has contracts in that the American people never know about," he says, citing the Colombian and Sudanese operations. "That is the way the DOD likes it, for the most part. If you mobilize the Army, you have to answer to Congress and a ton of people. You mobilize 100 or 500 contractors to do a mission, you don't have to answer to anyone."

How has it come to this? Beginning in the 1960s, as countries including Nigeria and Angola sought independence, small groups of Westerners sought ways to take over other nations. The legendary image of the hard-drinking rogue warriors was built on the real-life exploits of men like Bob Denard and Mike Hoare, who caroused around Africa in rickety planes, fueled as much by adrenaline and alcohol as strong tactical planning. Given the inherent weakness of many new governments, they often were successful and popularized the idea that 100 heavily armed men could pounce on a weak government and collect the spoils.

In 1989, Simon Mann, a British veteran from the legendary Special Air Service regiment, cofounded Executive Outcomes, a company that organized coups and counterrevolutionary ops. Executive Outcomes was involved in a half-dozen takeovers or attempted coups, ranging from Sierra Leone to Angola, where, in 1994, EO organized a privately run 4,000-man force to attack rebels and retake oil facilities. Working with the Angolan government, EO was given an \$80 million contract. Sierra Leone paid \$15 million in diamond and mining concessions.

"[Executive Outcomes] was a sophisticated army for hire to the highest bidder, though its leaders took care to choose clients favored by western governments," writes Adam Roberts in his book *The Wonga Coup*, which describes EO's privately organized military ops in Africa.

With such lucrative prizes available, it was only a matter of time before a corporate gold rush would bring big money and professional organization to this clandestine corner of the market. That time came in 2003. In Africa, the last of the old mercenary breed was practically wiped out when a band of some 70 South African-hired soldiers attempted to overthrow the government of tiny, oil-rich Equatorial Guinea. That attempt collapsed when the coup plotters failed to keep their attack plan



Above: Outside a private security conference last fall in Washington, D.C., protesters denounce Blackwater and its controversial work in Iraq. Far right: A rear gunner in

a convoy near Baghdad. With attacks coming from all sides, the pros have gunners facing all directions.

secret. The role of Mark "Scratcher" Thatcher—son of former Prime Minister Margaret—led to a flurry of press coverage. Had they executed the plan correctly, the mercenaries—led by Simon Mann—might have gained control over Equatorial Guinea's oil exports, which run at roughly \$30 million a day. Instead, Mann remains in prison and his attempt represents more or less the final act for freelance mercenaries.

The corporate mercenary business has boomed, however. Between April 2003 and June 2004, \$12 billion in U.S. currency was delivered to Iraq. According to *Vanity Fair*, the American military delivered up to 30 tons of cash in a single day—pallets piled high with fresh \$100 bills. Of that money, an estimated \$9 billion simply vanished. And billions more poured into the bank accounts of private armies. "You could just walk around the [Iraqi] palace, lift your hand, and you got a contract," said one Swedish mercenary, describing the "Baghdad Bubble," as the market was quickly dubbed. The mercenary, interviewed at an industry conference in Washington, D.C., last fall, calls 2004 and 2005 the beginning of "the gold rush."

Of course, active Special Forces guys aren't always fans of the PMCs. For elite Special Forces members, working alongside private commandos (often ex-colleagues) is now as commonplace as shitty food—and it leaves an equally rotten aftertaste. The private mercenaries get paid as much as 400 percent more money, have longer vacations, and operate with virtually no bureaucratic oversight. And they can drink, too.

"They [the PMCs] cherry-pick the talent," grouched U.S. Army Colonel Christopher Hoishek. "Three years ago we had to pay \$30,000 to keep a top soldier; today we have to pay \$150,000."

Hundreds of these units, made up of former members of Special Forces, SEALs, Delta Force, and British Special Air Services



"The increasing use of contractors and private forces makes wars easier to begin and to fight."



RENT-A-SOLDIER: 2007 MONTHLY SALARY

SAS-US Special Forces	\$1,000
Regular NATO force	\$450
South African	\$400
Gurkha	\$300
Chilean	\$150
Colombian	\$100
Peruvian	\$80
Ugandan	\$40
Iraqi	food

Units, some organized in ultra-secret three-man groups, are now deployed worldwide as snipers, bodyguards, or convoy security.

"We have rules of engagement, that are ... situational," Daniels says. "The only one who is watching your ass is your team. There is no big army to back you up."

For the American military, the use of private soldiers solves a few major problems: It frees up stretched-to-the-snapping-point enlisted Army ranks for other tasks, helps avoid the politically suicidal move of drafting young men to serve in often unpopular wars, and allows for missions that can't be officially linked to the U.S. government.

"The increasing use of contractors and private forces makes wars easier to begin and to fight," says Michael Ratner, president of the Center for Constitutional Rights, a New York-based group that is suing Blackwater over the deaths of innocent Iraqi civilians. "It just takes money, and not the citizenry."

While the U.S. Congress is drafting numerous new laws to cover and regulate the use of private warriors, the most promising reforms are coming from within—specifically by way of the International Peace Operations Association, a trade association for the peace and stability industry. Formed in 2001, IPOA gave itself the unlikely mission of uniting UNICEF and Uzi-wielding mercs in a battle for good. "You don't need James Bond to guard the gate," says Doug Brooks, the bespectacled 45-year-old president of IPOA. "The private sector does everything cheaper." With his preppy clothes and academic demeanor, Brooks hardly looks like the most powerful man in the mercenary business, but he is arguably the person in Washington most able to shape the future use of private warriors.

Brooks claims no party affiliation, but spent years working for Democratic causes. As the son of an African Studies professor,

Brooks lived in Senegal as a child. He did field research in Sierra Leone, taught high school in Zimbabwe, and studied in South Africa. Amid the chaos and bloodshed, he saw opportunity, a way to blend private and public resources to bring stability.

"Preventing people from killing each other is easy," says Brooks, who favors using private military companies to calm civil conflicts while the diplomats hash out the peace accords. "Getting them to stop fighting? That requires long-term planning. We have to be clear: PMCs are not the end. This is a step, but you need the diplomatic route."

Brooks's ultimate goal is to bring stability to the Third World, particularly parts of Africa, using highly trained corporations. "In ten days, they can be anywhere with communications and security set up," he says. Brooks bristles at the way maverick mercenaries have tarnished what he calls the "contingency contractor" industry. The diversity of private contractors providing humanitarian ops is far greater than that of the gunslingers, he says, insisting that good policies—not ammunition—can save the world.

In October 2007, Brooks organized the Peace Operations Summit, a patchwork of hard-core security types, insurance brokers who mitigate the risk, disaster-relief experts preaching peace, and a handful of freelancers looking to cash in on the boom times. Just days before the IPOA conference, lead sponsor Blackwater was caught in the scandal in Iraq. The company's logo and name disappeared from the IPOA sponsorship list. "I spent the whole evening in the office, ripping their logo off the Website," says one IPOA staffer.

On the first evening of the conference, industry big shots gather at a nearby bar to drink and kibitz. The table is packed with guys who would look at home on a bowling team: round, balding,

mustachioed men in their fifties. Talk swerves toward Vietnam and a discussion of Air America and Continental Air Services—private airlines that worked with the CIA in Southeast Asia—and how private gunships “mowed down” America’s enemies.

Brooks doesn’t blanch at the tough talk. He is beaming as he table-hops, trading notes with ex-CIA station chiefs, former Special Forces officers, and assorted industry insiders. When asked about the dangers of private soldiers being used for dirty ops—there have been allegations of Iraqi death squads—Brooks says such missions are inevitable. The CIA, he says, has always used private contractors for those missions. “They have never had a shortage of qualified guys.”

When a specific PMC allegedly organizing dirty ops on behalf of the Pentagon is mentioned, Brooks says, “Obviously that stuff goes on. I am not in denial about it. When that happens, it is a big deal; that is not something that happens every day.”

But right now he has more pressing concerns. It’s an election year, and the peace and stability business is dependent on Washington’s goodwill. The gold rush, after all, can’t last forever. Already, companies are preparing for a downsized presence in the Mideast. “You see gradual growth in the industry,” says Brooks, “but after Iraq it will shrink down to where it was before.”

The Baghdad Bubble has popped, notwithstanding Blackwater’s recently renewed contract. In 2007, the salary for top commandos crashed from \$18,000 a month to about \$9,000. The incredibly low wages that Colombian and Ugandan soldiers, among others, are willing to accept have driven the monthly salary for Third Country nationals below \$1,000 for many jobs. At the IPOA conference in October, all eyes were on Africa. “The Middle East is stable, compared to Africa. All the conflicts are moving there,” the Swedish mercenary said. “If you follow the oil, you will follow the business.”

The conference was abuzz with rumors of a huge new operation in Southern Sudan. “W [President George Bush] has signed,” confided a lecturer at the conference. “This is a massive new project, so big that only the Pentagon can run something like this. It is going to be a huge windfall for our group.”

This industry shift has left experienced mercenaries like Chad Daniels in a quandary. Daniels loved his work in Iraq. His missions were always clear, and, despite harsh desert conditions, food was frequent and diseases scarce. In Africa, all bets are off.

“I went to Africa and had the shits the whole time,” complains Daniels, who fought an anti-guerrilla op run by the U.S. military. Describing a two-month mission in South Africa, he says, “You couldn’t distinguish the good guys and the bad guys. A kid who is nine years old could be shooting you and you would have to shoot him. But I have kids, and I can’t effectively do that.”

For Daniels, becoming a gun-for-hire was like joining a private underworld. Many of his friends abandoned him when he described the gruesome realities of being a modern mercenary. “They don’t want to be my friend anymore. It is kind of a different lifestyle.” Daniels can disappear on missions for six months at a time, an agonizingly lonely stretch, ameliorated only slightly by a few e-mails and satellite calls with his four children and ex-wife.

“He has got to do his thing, and it beats the hell out of the Army,” says Jimmy Fontoura, Daniels’s godfather. “If he is going to risk his life, he might as well get paid for it. And he is riding around in those South African armored vehicles that can run over an IED [improvised explosive device] with no problem. The poor guys in the Army are in Humvees getting blown to smithereens.”

Daniels comes from a military family. His father was in the Air Force and his cousin is also a paid fighter in Iraq.

Perhaps not surprisingly, he has frequent combat-related nightmares and flashbacks. It’s all part of the post-traumatic stress disorder that comes with the territory. Despite glaring

holes in their own insurance coverage, U.S. military veterans are offered various ways to deal with the symptoms of PTSD. Private contractors, on the other hand, have no institutional mechanism to contend with the disorder. So instead, every few days, Daniels calls other contractors. They compare nightmares and discuss problems. “As a contractor, you are pretty much left to figure out PTSD on your own,” says Daniels.

Daniels and his girlfriend have been dating for two years. She complains that when they go out to eat, they always have to sit with their backs against the wall to have an unobstructed line of sight to the door. “She has freaked out quite a few times,” he says of their domestic struggles. “If you let your mind run away from you, it’s very hard to sleep at night.”

Daniels’s mother thinks her son aged 15 years during the course of just two, claiming his whole face and demeanor has transformed. Daniels himself is haunted by a single gruesome image—an attack on his convoy last year in Iraq. They were part of a four-vehicle team when Iraqi guerrillas ambushed them. Instead of delivering a VIP engineer to a remote construction site, the mission disintegrated into a cloud of smoke and shattered bodies. Human bone splinters exploded in all directions, including pieces of a hulking contractor who was thought by his colleagues to be invincible. “I remember picking up fingers, some toes, but we never found an arm, a leg, or his head,” says Daniels, who was in charge of the counterattack, which never materialized. “All I could think about was finding his head so his wife and kids could look at him in the casket.”

Visions of his ripped-apart friend lurk darkly inside Daniels’s mind, revealing themselves as soon as he closes his eyes at night. As a coping technique, he hunts pulse-quickenings pursuits during his civilian downtime. “I find myself trying to do a lot of extreme sports to get the adrenaline rush that I got over there, but there isn’t much that compares. Sometimes I think the only solution is to go back to combat.”

PHOTOGRAPH BY MORTEN ANDERSEN



CHAT WITH A PET LIKE ME.

**TEXT PET
TO 50760**

Unlimited msgs for \$19.99/mth on
Sprint & AT&T; Verizon 99¢ msg received.
Standard rate charges may apply.



Cassia Riley
2006 Pet of the Year
runner-up

Grunts,

Iraqi insurgents celebrate the murder of four American contractors in Fallujah in March 2004. The burned and mutilated bodies were strung up from a bridge over the Euphrates River.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KHALID MOHAMMED/ASSOCIATED PRESS IMAGES

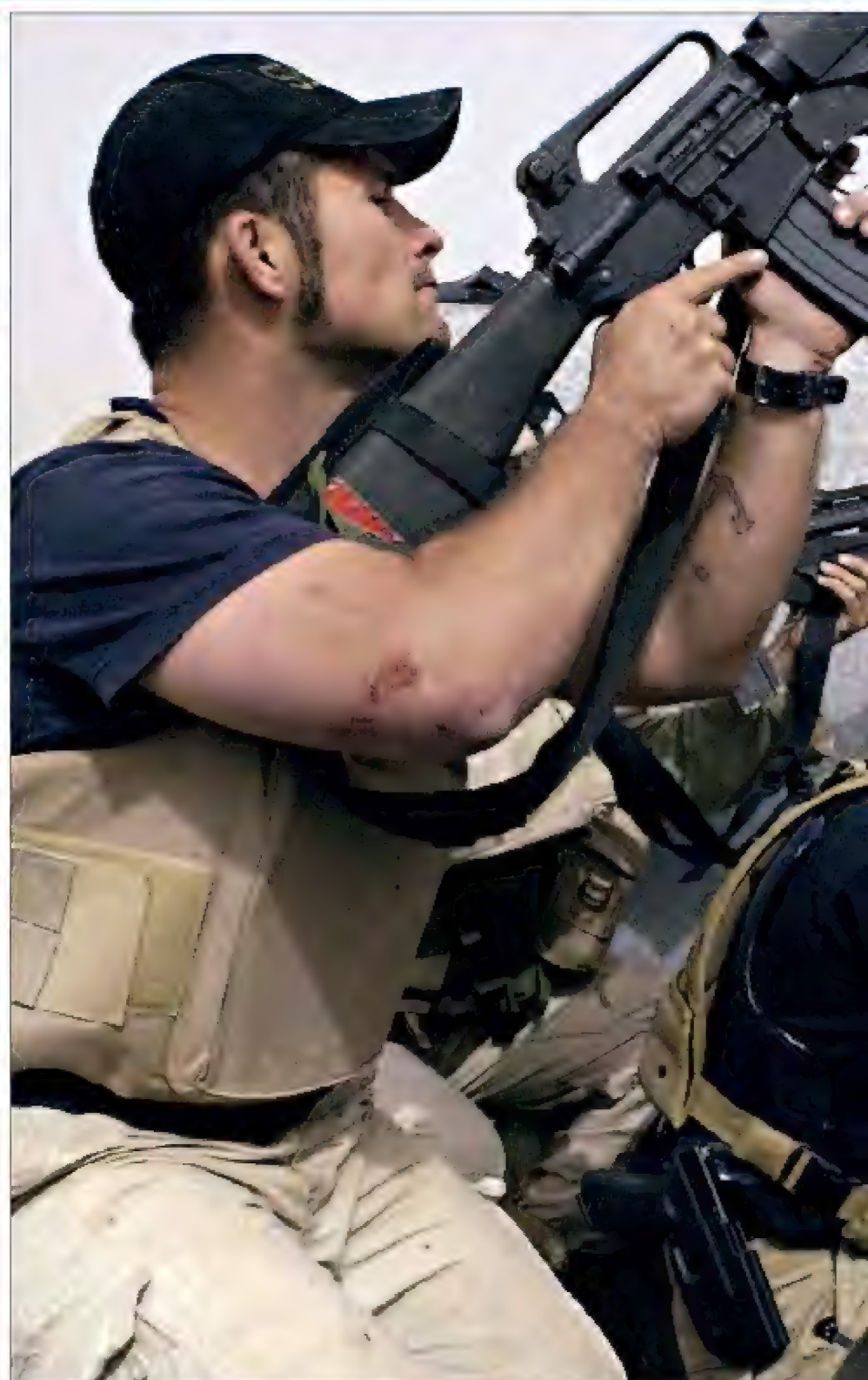
Inc.

They've helped the nation avoid a draft, and some have sacrificed their lives, but military contractors in Iraq still get a bad rap. Here's the other side of the story. By Matthew Currier Burden





American contractors on patrol near a mosque in Baghdad, July 2005. (Right) Blackwater employees in a fire fight in Najaf, April 2004. (Far right) A contractor's body burns on the bridge in Fallujah in March 2004.



"When you see the number of [contractors] who have been killed, the American public should recognize that every one of them represents an American soldier or Marine or sailor who didn't have to go in harm's way."—retired Marine colonel Jack Holly, U.S. Army Corps of Engineers logistics director, quoted in the *Washington Post*, June 2007

This year, there are almost as many private contractors on the ground in Iraq as there are military troops (approximately 145,000). This is the largest number of contractors ever used in our nation's history. (By comparison, less than 10,000 contractors were employed during the first Gulf War.) Most of them support our troops in various ways, providing food, transportation, technology, linguistics, strategic planning, maintenance and repair, and medical services.

About 25,000 are security contractors hired for potential defensive operations. The most famous (or infamous) is Blackwater Worldwide, which was hired by the U.S. State Department to protect its diplomats and Foreign Service Officers. As I write this, no State Department official has been killed or captured, yet dozens of Blackwater employees have been killed or wounded. In fact, hundreds of contractors have died and more than 1,000 have been wounded in Iraq—getting exact numbers is difficult. (Of course, this pales in comparison to the number of military killed or wounded—more than 4,000 dead and 40,000 wounded.)

Critics (mainly in the media) have painted a lurid portrait of military contractors as swashbuckling mercenaries, out-of-control goons who terrorize innocent Iraqis and mindlessly zoom through Baghdad like teenagers on a joy ride, shouting and shooting at anyone in their way.

We certainly can't give all contractors an A+ for conduct (nor could we do this for all GIs or journalists), but the vast majority

are totally dedicated and law-abiding. However, the nation's dependency on private support for our military raises legitimate questions. For instance, by outsourcing such support (and, in some cases, military operations), have we as a nation avoided a draft? Or are we avoiding the truth that our military is too small for a global war on terror? Or is this just an opportunity for well-connected entrepreneurs to make a buck?

We wanted to hear firsthand accounts from these "corporate warriors," knowing that—as with the military—those directly involved often feel that the media show only one side of the story.

And we were pleased to receive an outpouring of responses, including many from retired police officers who said they went to Iraq to contribute their special skills to the war effort. These men don't whitewash the subject—but make a good case that contractors are well-paid patriots who often are more skilled and experienced than the GIs they support.

A Navy officer tries to put the controversial subject in perspective: "Contractors are normal folks who do their jobs just like everyone else in the government, except they do it better because they get more pay for being more efficient. The cost to use a U.S. soldier to do the same things is at least 125 percent of

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) KHALID MOHAMMED/ASSOCIATED PRESS IMAGES, GERVASIO SANCHEZ/ASSOCIATED PRESS IMAGES, STRNEW/REUTERS

the cost for [a private contractor] because every soldier has basic and advanced military training to go through, which ain't cheap."

A former police sergeant from Phoenix writes, "I'm too old to enlist. This was my opportunity to serve my country, to become a contractor to train and improve Iraqi law enforcement."

A retired SWAT police officer from Philadelphia who was a security contractor in Iraq says, "A lot of these explosive-ordnance contractors are bomb-squad types back in the States—or they are police-dog handlers (bomb, drug, etc.), which is a job the military feels it needs way more of than it has trained dogs and handlers. I protected contractor bomb squads responding to IEDs [improvised explosive devices]. My teams and I had great relationships with the soldiers and Marines in our area, because I made sure the military knew we were in their area and told my teams to act appropriately. Not all contractor teams did that."

A retired Army sergeant who returned to Iraq as a contractor says, "I was a [satellite communications] tech with a company in the Green Zone. One reason the pay is so high is that, in the States, I could make \$70,000 to \$100,000. It's higher here because, even in the Green Zone, we're considered to be in a hot zone."

A retired Special Forces sergeant wrote, "We averaged about \$400 per day. It depends on the contract and how well your company can negotiate contracts. Even though the guys were making really good money, in the long run, it is much less expensive for the United States to use contractors than to stand up three or four more Army divisions."

"We had three contractors killed last month in a single incident. Contractor deaths don't make the news because no one cares."

A former soldier writes about his role in protecting convoys in Iraq: "I spent almost three years as a contractor in Iraq, averaging about \$600 per day. I did personnel security detachment work mostly, and was in about seven contacts per year. Less than half the time, I could return fire (if we had positive ID and were in a firefight), but running away during contact is part of the job description."

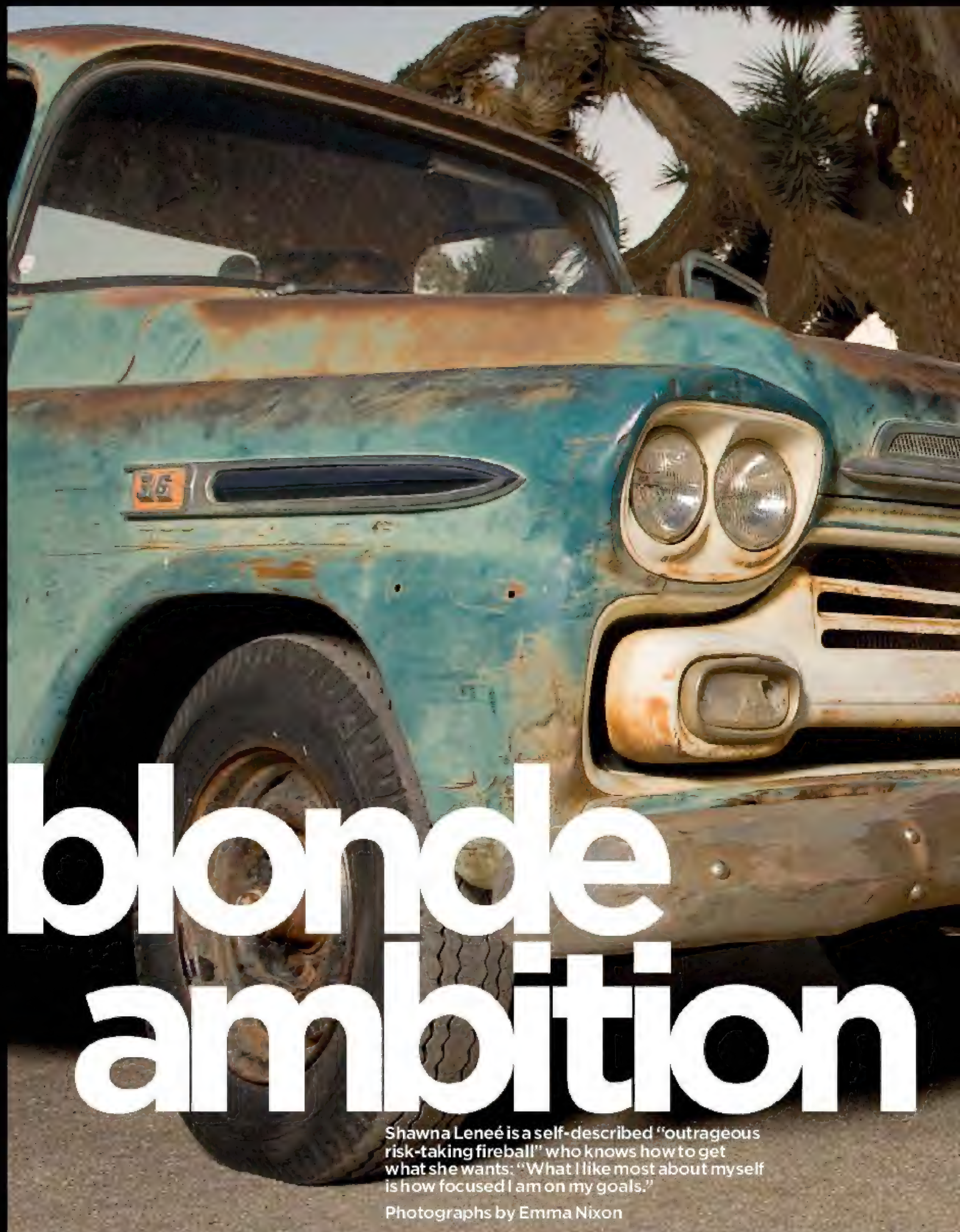
A retired Army warrant officer working in Iraq takes exception to being called a mercenary: "The big difference between us and mercenaries is that mercs are soldiers for hire; we are not soldiers for hire. We are security for hire. But the media jackals don't notice or don't care to distinguish the two professions."

A retired Navy officer agrees, writing in frustration about contractors being portrayed as overpaid hoodlums, "There are fewer American criminal contractors in Iraq than there are honorable Iraqi leaders in Iraq."

Finally, a former Marine who returned to Iraq with a private company expresses the heartbreak and rage that so many contractors feel: "We had three contractors killed last month in a single incident. Contractor deaths don't make the news because no one cares—you tell the press that three soldiers were killed in an engagement, and that's the story they want to run because they love to report on dead soldiers. Dead contractors, and they shrug, 'So what?'"

Some critics are concerned that the contract companies are bleeding the military of its best and brightest. When a corporal or sergeant making less than \$40,000 per year can make up to \$200,000 (tax free) for the same job, it's easy to see why becoming a military contractor might be an attractive alternative to continuing military service. And they have the added benefit of being able to quit whenever they want. Who can blame them for finding a more profitable way to risk their lives for their country? —





blonde ambition

Shawna Leneé is a self-described “outrageous risk-taking fireball” who knows how to get what she wants: “What I like most about myself is how focused I am on my goals.”


Photographs by Emma Nixon





"I love to go home to Cleveland to see family and friends, but I found my paradise here in L.A. I've yet to travel outside the country, though. I may fall in love with someplace else when I do."





"I go out to the clubs about once a week, but I like to stay at home and read. I may be the only adult actress who dreamed of becoming an astronaut."





"I try to make each sexual experience remarkable. Once when I wanted to spice things up a bit, I had sex on the roof of an apartment building next to a major freeway."



"For this shoot, I wore the most beautiful pair of roller skates! But I always have a blast working for *Penthouse*. You have the best crew in the business." (See ad on page 91 for a special offer on Shawna's new *Penthouse* DVD.)



9 Shawna Leneé
Pet of the Month
July 2008

Vital stats:

21 years old; 5'2"
32D-24-35

Hometown:

Cleveland

Favorite vacation spot:

Miami has the best nightlife!

Favorite TV shows:

Heroes, Dexter, and Weeds

Favorite movies:

American Beauty and *The Brave Little Toaster*. I still love cartoons.

Favorite food:

Ice cream, which I eat everyday.

Favorite workout:

I have a lot of dance workout videos.

Favorite sports:

Football and basketball

Do you play any sports?

I was a cheerleader for five years.

What's the advantage of being good-looking?

Free drinks!

What's your proudest moment?

Becoming Penthouse Pet.

Ever been in a physical fight?

Never. I hope to keep it that way.

Would you rather get caught masturbating by your parents or the pizza delivery guy?

The pizza guy, so he can call his friends as soon as he leaves and tell them what happened.

Shawna Leneé

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of THE BIG RIP

of SHAWNA L'ENEE
JULY 2008 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



♂ SHAWNA LENEÉ
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Corey Bohan

The three-time X Games gold medalist is gunning for his first Pro Action Sports Tour title.

By John Bolster

Seven years ago, Corey Bohan was a carpenter's apprentice in Brisbane, Australia, trying to scrape together enough cash for a trip to the U.S. in hopes of launching his BMX career. Today, he owns two houses, has seven sponsors, and gets "to sleep in and just ride full-time." Nice work if you can get it: Bohan also lives in an endless summer, spending April to October in Corona, California, before decamping for Brisbane and the Aussie summer, a schedule that allows him to ride outdoors and surf year-round.

Bohan's ascent began with a 2002 trip to the X Games in Philadelphia. He returned the following year and won silver in BMX Dirt at the X Games in Los Angeles, and then he got serious: Bohan ripped off an unprecedented X

Games three-peat in Dirt, from 2004 to '06 (the event was canceled from the X Games program after '06). Today, Bohan remains at the pinnacle of BMX Dirt with his fluid, innovative style and his 20-foot backflips. He recently talked to *Penthouse* about BMX in the Olympics, the AST Dew Tour (which kicks off in Baltimore June 19 to 22), and the phenomenon that is *The Hills*.

"Yeah, there are groupies on the Dew Tour. I'd like for them to be a bit older, though."

In your six-plus years in the States, have you become a fan of any other American sports?

I love AMA Motocross and stuff like that. But nothing too mainstream. I'm not into baseball or football or anything.

What's the biggest difference between the people in the United States and in Australia?

First thing I noticed was that we are a lot more relaxed back home. Over here, it's pretty stressful, more high-paced.

Is Corona, California, the lifted-truck capital of the world?

[Laughs] Indeed it is, the Inland Empire. But I drive a wagon that's lowered, so ...

You're not part of that—

I'm not part of the bro thing.

"Being on *The Hills* was an experience, that's for sure. I had a good laugh with it."

don't know—they never really gave a solid answer. A lot of people were pretty annoyed that they dropped it.

Maybe you shut it down by winning three in a row.

[Laughs] Maybe they didn't want any more Australians getting the gold.

Is this the year that you're going to break through and win an AST Dew Tour season title?

It'd be nice. I've been running well; I've been having a lot of fun. So we'll see.

The AST stops in Baltimore, Cleveland, Portland, Salt Lake City, and Orlando. Which city parties the hardest?

They all do pretty good. But I've got a lot of friends who live in Salt Lake, so we usually get pretty rowdy there. But Portland does pretty well—I don't mind Portland at all.

I'm surprised you say Salt Lake, because it has pretty strict liquor laws.

I know. There's no alcohol allowed on the scene. It's pretty nuts. But I've got a lot of friends who live there so we have fun at the hotels—getting rowdy.

Are there groupies following the Dew Tour?

Yeah, for the most part. I'd like for them to be a bit older, though. But there's definitely a bunch of fans that ride around and follow the stops. So that's pretty cool.

How did you like being on *The Hills*?

[Laughs] It was an experience, that's for sure. I've known [*Hills* cast-member] Audrina Partridge for a lot longer than that show, so it was kinda chill. But it was a pretty good experience. I had a good laugh with it.

That stuff is scripted, right?

It's actually not scripted, but they kind of set up scenarios. But for the most part, it's just ... go for it.

Are you dating Audrina?

No, no. We're just friends; we were just seeing each other for a while. Like I still see her every now and again for sure. She's busy right now, but when she's in town we hang out.

What advice would you give to younger riders just getting into BMX?

The new generation coming up, they're hungry, but they want it all too fast. So I reckon, just keep it fun—as long as you're having fun with it, you're going to progress and stuff will come to you. So just keep it fun and simple and don't get too greedy.

Are there any lifted trucks in Australia?

There are, but it's a lot more expensive to get 'em done out there. Because they have to bring them from here.

BMX racing is going to be in the Olympics this summer in Beijing. Will we see Dirt or any other BMX disciplines in the Olympics soon?

Yeah, I'd like to think so—in the future, for sure. I never thought we'd be seeing this, so ... It's a possibility. It's just going to take a bit of time.

Why did the X Games drop Dirt?

They kind of beat around the bush with their explanations, but as far as I know, they put it down to ratings. But Dirt is pretty much what started the X Games back in the day. So I really



Penthouse Hall of Fame

BADASS EDITION

BOB GIBSON

St. Louis Cardinals
1959-75

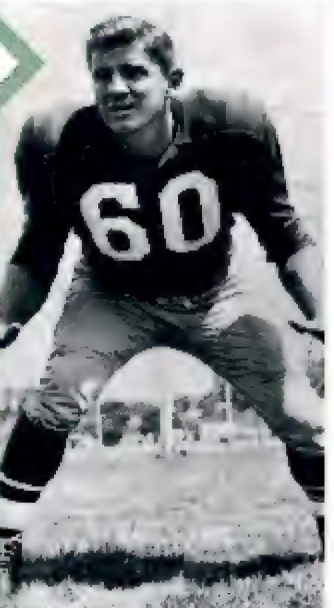
Know how you know you're a badass? When you dominate your sport so thoroughly they have to change the rules. After Gibson struck out 17 Detroit Tigers in Game 1 of the 1968 World Series, following a regular season in which he won 22 games, threw 13 shutouts, and produced an absurd 1.12 ERA, Major League Baseball decided to lower the pitcher's mound by five inches to give batters a sporting chance against the likes of the flame-throwing Gibson. It worked. Sort

of. In 1969, Gibson's ERA skyrocketed all the way to 2.18. Gibson was baseball's all-time badass pitcher—and not just because he was so dominating. He was also an intimidator who owned the inside of the plate and maintained a zero-tolerance attitude toward showboating. As former umpire Doug Harvey once said, "If Barry Bonds hit a home run against Gibson and stood and admired it, he'd get that earring knocked out of his ear next time up."

CHUCK BEDNARIK

Philadelphia Eagles
1949-62

A concrete salesman during the off-season, Bednarik had one of football's great badass nicknames, "Concrete Charlie." The moniker wasn't coined for his style of play, but it may as well have been. Just ask Frank Gifford: He took 18 months to return to football after Bednarik knocked him unconscious with a hit in 1960. The devastating play became emblematic of Bednarik, the toughest linebacker in Eagles history and the last of the NFL's two-way players (he played center on offense). A veteran of 30 combat missions over Germany during World War II, Bednarik has said that football seemed easy by comparison. He won two NFL titles with the Eagles (1949 and '60) and was named All-Pro ten times. And he's not shy with his opinions on today's one-way players, calling them "pantywaists."



MAURICE "ROCKET" RICHARD

Montreal Canadiens
1942-60

At age 18, after X-rays revealed that fractures in his ankles, wrists, and femur had not healed properly, Richard was deemed unfit for service in World War II. He already had the banged-up body of a 20-year NHL veteran. Then he broke his ankle 16 games into his rookie season with Montreal in 1942. All this might have derailed a lesser man, but Richard, with the explosive speed that inspired his nickname, a wild-eyed determination to score, and a sizable mean streak, overcame it—and then some: He scored 23 goals in the final 18 games of the 1943-44 season and led the Canadiens to the Stanley Cup. The following year, he made history by scoring 50 goals in 50 games. He would win seven more Cups with Montreal and in 1998 was ranked fifth on *The Hockey News's* list of the 100 greatest players.



CHARLES OAKLEY

Bulls, Knicks, Raptors
Wizards, Rockets
1985-2004

His Wikipedia page states, incorrectly, that he was born in Brooklyn. The six-foot-nine, 245-pound power forward was born in Cleveland, but the mistake is understandable: It's hardly a stretch to think that Oak—the ultimate NBA tough guy—would be from the cradle of tough guys. He took a blue-collar approach and his effectiveness was not reflected in career numbers or accolades.

Sure, he was a two-time NBA All-Defensive selection, an All-Star in 1994, but his value on the court could not be reduced to statistics. He was a tirelessly hard worker, a tenacious defender, and a legendary intimidator. Oakley was all about setting a tone—for his teammates, who felt obliged to work as hard as he did; and for opponents, who knew where the line was ... and the consequences of crossing it.



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Alley Cats

Leave it to Howard Stern to put together the sexiest bowling competition we've ever seen.

By Lainie Speiser




Howard TV on Demand has made hot-chick history once again by combining babes, bikinis, boobs, and bowling in a new original series that features our Penthouse Pet of the Year Runners-Up Justine Joli (2008) and Krista Ayne (2007), and a number of porn stars, including Gina Lynn and Savanna Samson. *Bowling Beauties* is hosted by comedian Jim Florentine and Scott "the Engineer" Salem of *The Howard Stern Show*. The uncensored reality series takes 16 hotties in custom-made stiletto bowling shoes and—of course—bikinis, plunks them down at New York City's Harlem Lanes, and pits them against one another in a sexy, bound-to-get-crazy multi-round elimination tournament. The ladies are competing for a cash prize and a coveted Howard TV bowling trophy, so we can only hope that the tops come off and the infighting kicks off quickly. [Editor's note: If we can be so bold as to suggest a sequel idea, the top finishers could stage a wrestling match.]

The bowling show was a decade in the making: Back in 1998, when Stern and Howard TV Executive Producer Doug Z. Goodstein were doing a broadcast of Stern's radio show on E! Entertainment, they were pitched a concept called "Bikini Babe Bowl-a-Rama." They both loved the idea, but it didn't fit the format of the show. That's just as well, because now the FCC is out of the picture and we all can see just how raunchy the action gets.

So, the big question remains: How long does it take for the girls to go topless? Goodstein wasn't giving anything away, but he did say, "The bikinis were sexy enough, but we always welcome nudity on Howard TV."

Still, this is a real bowling competition, and if there's one thing we know about beautiful women after so many years of Pet of the Year Playoffs, it's that each and every one of them has a fierce competitive streak. "I will say the Penthouse Pets and porn stars surprised a lot of people," Goodstein also tells us. "They took it real seriously, and I heard Justine, Krista, and Gina all took bowling lessons prior to the show to improve their game."

We know we'll be rooting for Justine and Krista, but still, we had to ask: How did our own bowling beauties do? "Justine had a great technique and a sexy approach and eyed her pins like a pro," says Supervising Producer Mike Gange. "She seemed to know what she was doing. I can't give away how the girls fared, but—as you know—topless is the best way to bowl." The one tidbit of gossip we did pick up is that Justine was the first one to liberate the twins from their bikini bondage, and the other ladies followed her lead. Not surprisingly, Justine picked up a new fan. Producer Lee Gerowitz practically swooned as he said, "God bless Justine Joli. I want to marry her. She's a goddess." 





Clockwise, from left: Gina Lynn and host Jim Florentine; Leticia Cline and Savanna Samson; Vicky and Brenda Acevedo; Paulina and Michele with Florentine; Justine Joli (front row, second from right) and Krista Ayne (second row, far right), with Florentine and other bowlers and models.

The uncensored reality series takes 16 hotties in custom-made stiletto bowling shoes and bikinis, and pits them against one another in a bound-to-get-crazy elimination tournament.







afternoon delight

December Pet of the Month Adrienne Manning enjoys a little summer lovin' with Nika Noir. We've got a whole new visual to go with the phrase *field of dreams*. Thanks, ladies!

Photographs by Misha













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MORE OF ADRIENNE AND NIKA AT
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Wing Bowl

The Tao of

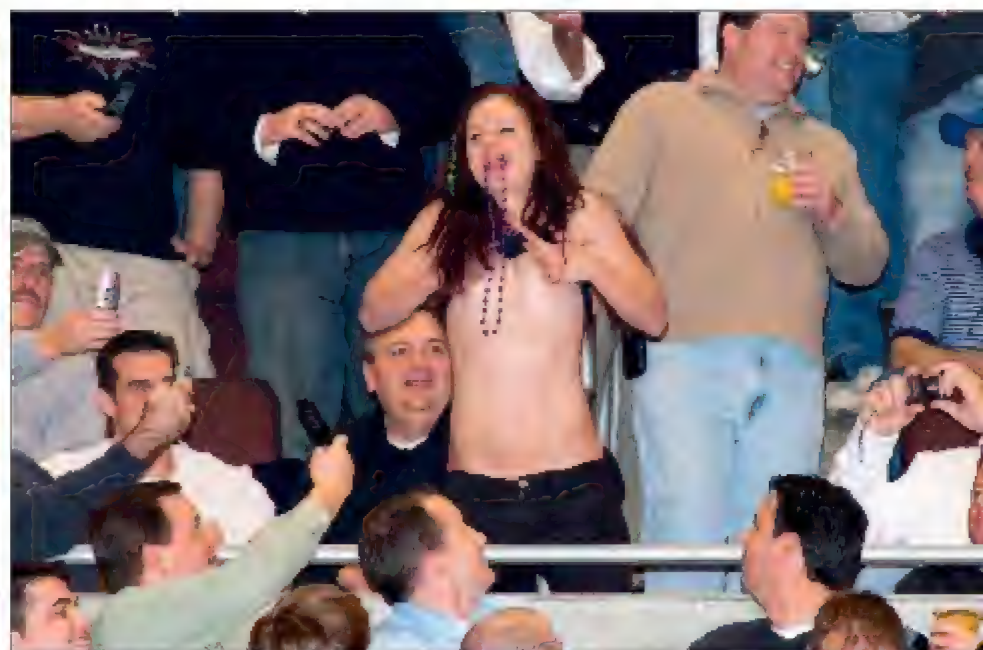
If you think all-you-can-eat wing night at the sports bar with your buddies can get pretty sloppy, try a pilgrimage to Philadelphia on Super Bowl weekend to experience the glory that is Wing Bowl.

The Jumbo Tron at Philadelphia's Wachovia Center shows a close-up of a pair of massive breasts. The camera zooms in on them as they jiggle, riling up the thousands of surly men who let out a collective *Yeaaaah!* as the perfectly symmetrical mounds take up even more of the giant overhead screen. The owner of the breasts is wearing a light-blue top and playfully squishing them together, tugging at her bra strap, which excites the men even more. She's pulling down her shirt, showing the top portion of her cream-colored bra. She knows what she's doing; she's a willing participant. The camera does a frantic zoom-in, zoom-out visual hubba-hubba to further accentuate the display. Then it pulls back enough to reveal that the woman is about to stop toying with the crowd and lift up her top—the precious grapefruit-size orbs are seconds from being revealed. The men in the crowd hoist their beers high in the air, bellowing with a collec-

tive guttural yell not unlike William Wallace's charging Scottish soldiers. The camera pans up and reveals the woman's face—a pug-nosed, mannish face, criminally mismatched with those perfect, perfect breasts. The men, again in unison, boo.

It is 7:10 A.M. The Wing Bowl has officially begun.

For 16 years, miscreants and louts from all over the Philadelphia area have made a pilgrimage to watch oversize men eat Buffalo wings as fast as they can. Sports radio station 610 WIP began the Wing Bowl in 1993 as a way to celebrate something—*anything*—during Super Bowl week, given that the hometown Philadelphia Eagles were consistent also-rans. What started out as a couple hundred people crammed into a hotel lobby has morphed into an arena-size festival of gluttony, partial nudity, and drunkenness. It may not have the marquee-event status of Independence Day's Nathan's Hot Dog Eating Contest at Coney Island, but Wing Bowl is so much more than just an eating contest. For the last nine years, it's been held in the 21,000-seat arena currently known as the Wachovia Center, home of the Sixers and Flyers, and has always packed the venue—at 6 A.M., no less. This year, the \$5 tickets sold out in less than an hour.



WING BOWL

By A. J. Daulerio



Charging admission and issuing tickets are recent but necessary additions to Wing Bowl, which nearly devolved into a riot thanks to an estimated 30,000 would-be revelers storming the Wachovia Center's entrance in 2005. One security guard, working his eleventh Wing Bowl, says that was the only time it was truly scary: "We had to barricade the doors in some sections." This year it is comparatively tame, and the security guards and the ten or so armed policemen on duty are confident they know how to control the crowd. "As long as there aren't any guns pulled

or fists thrown, we'll leave most people alone," the guard says, summarizing in one sentence a century of Philadelphia sports security protocol.

The 2008 Wing Bowl is unique because it features the return of Bill "El Wingador" Simmons, a six-foot-four-inch, 285-pound behemoth who reigned as Wing Bowl champion from 2001 to 2003, when he retired. Since Simmons stepped down, the Wing Bowl crown has fallen to out-of-town professional eaters, with the last two titles going to Joey Chestnut of California, the man who dethroned the legendary Kobayashi at Coney Island, ingesting a record 66 hot dogs and buns in 12 minutes.

But as we've said, the wing-eating contest isn't the reason that thousands of men pile into the arena for Wing Bowl. It's the tits. And the opportunity to be sloppy drunk on a workday well before the rest of the world's alarm clocks have gone off.

But mostly, it's the tits.



Sports station 610 WIP began the Wing Bowl as a way to celebrate something—*anything*—during Super Bowl week.

The best composite of Wing Bowl attendees is this: They're the men who get kicked out of sporting events—the boorish, drunken slobs who curse too loudly, start fights too easily, harass women too aggressively, and make watching a game uncomfortable for 90 percent of the other spectators. Even in Philadelphia, whose fans have a nationally known reputation for classlessness, this crowd is vile. Philly fans earned their rep for, among other offenses, throwing snowballs at Santa Claus in 1968, cheering when Dallas Cowboys receiver Michael Irvin lay motionless on the turf with a neck injury in 1999, and behaving so poorly at the old Veterans Stadium that the city was forced to assign a judge to the Vet on Eagles game days. In a makeshift courtroom in the bowels of the stadium, an actual, real-life judge doled out fines and jail time—during games!—to the brutish types who couldn't help running afoul of the law while expressing allegiance to their beloved iggles. That was a first... and it remains unmatched to this day.

Yes, the Wing Bowl crowd comes from this stock. And they run the show at Wachovia Center. They arrive at 4 A.M. to tailgate and are urinating in the parking lot by 5:15 A.M. Once they're finally

through the doors, they might keep tabs on the wing-eating contest, but the strippers gyrating by the competitors are a constant distraction—and the ones strategically planted in the crowd, disguised as civilians, become the main event. These chiquitas and the dynamic they create with attendees define the essence of Wing Bowl. Dressed-down in tight-fitting Phillies T-shirts, well-laundered hats, and faded jeans, they troll the crowd and sporadically flash the men, causing heads to pop up one after another, like weasels during an earthquake.

Sure, there are a lot of "normal" girls flashing the crowd, and they can be stars today—provocateurs of tens of thousands of men ("One more time! One more time!") who, in more docile social settings, probably wouldn't consider them desirable. But civilian girls are relatively few and far between. The strip clubs—well aware of the business prospects represented by thousands of drunk men pent-up from four hours of ogling women and wing-eating—clean up. They send strippers into the melee to start a little congenial conversation with a crowd of gawkers after a well-orchestrated tit-flash. It goes a long way toward securing customers at their club after the festivities are over.

Each of the 30 contestants in the eating contest is sponsored by a group of "Wingettes," who usually come from a local strip club. The larger jiggle joints will even bring out the big guns, like



porn stars Nikki Benz and Gina Lynn (at far left, bottom). This is Benz's first Wing Bowl (she was our May 2008 cover girl, by the way), and she's sitting on top of a makeshift float in a skimpy two-piece, shivering, waiting to be pushed out into the arena so she can cheer on her wing-sucking contestant, wiggle her ass, and hopefully encourage some of the raucous crowd to turn up for her show at Delilah's later that afternoon.

This is Gina Lynn's second Wing Bowl. Kind of. Last year, it didn't work out too well: Lynn—all five foot two of her—was thrown out for fighting one of the bouncers backstage. This year, she is determined to make it through the entire competition, and she does.

All in all, there are about 100 strippers at the event. Most make it onto the stage as Wingettes; some work the crowd "incognito"; some work it, um, "cognito," wearing skimpy nurse's uniforms or Army fatigues and breaking into impromptu performances. If the girls get too raunchy or the crowd starts tossing money at them, they'll be escorted out of the section by security, provoking a chorus of boos or the "Azzz-hole" chant from the crowd.

By 8:30 a.m., with the actual eating contest well under way, portions of the crowd begin to nod off in the stands—three hours of early-morning drinking will do that to you. The contest, broadcast live over WIP's morning show, is off to a feverish start—Chestnut



The strippers planted in the crowd become the main event. Their dynamic with attendees is the essence of Wing Bowl.

has annihilated the first heat by eating 124 wings. During the commercial breaks, though, when the Jumbo Tron tit show is in full effect, some of the early risers wake up.

"Aw ... they're fantastic," says one fortyish, work-booted man with a gray goatee as two dancers engage in a feverish make-out session on the big screen. The in-house pit band is playing the "Chicken Dance," but substituting the *clap-clap-clap-clap* portion with "Show. Us. Your. Tits." More strippers—posing-as-civilians—are shown on the Jumbo Tron. Some just wave, resulting in boos and a few tossed beers. One woman obliges, flashing her perky A-cups, and the crowd roars again.

It was rumored that this year's Wing Bowl would be the last, but the WIP guys say that every year. And every year it just becomes more popular, raunchier, and less about the wings.

Even if the radio station were to stop sponsoring it, some other entity surely would. If only for the fact that on the Friday before the Super Bowl, 20,000 Philly-area men would feel a little lost without it. You get the sense that the strippers in attendance would feel that way, too. **OT—**

Detroit Rock City

The Motor City has its share of attractions, but nothing lights up the night like the new Penthouse Club.

By Lainie Speiser Photographs by Bryan Mitchell

The opening of the newest Penthouse Club was one of the biggest, brightest, and most exciting ever. The entertainment included the club's sultry Key Girls, plus Penthouse Pets Erica Ellyson, Justine Joli, Heather Vandeven, Krista Ayne, and Cali Taylor, who won our 2007 Key Girl contest. "There's a lot to do and a lot to see," Erica said. "It's almost sensory overload, but I love it."

"It's like Vegas in the Midwest with that Detroit Rock City edge," Cali added. "As a dancer, I can tell you this will be a really fun place to work. But it's even more fun to be a VIP guest."

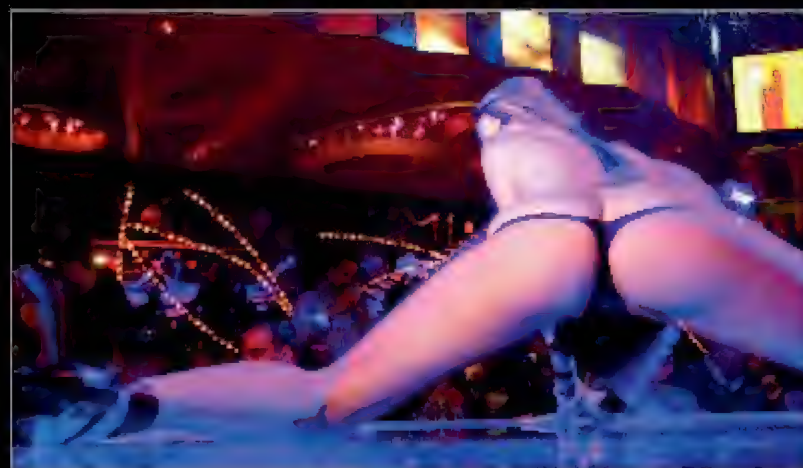
The billboard of Heather set the stage for the club's oversize show. Patrons sank into plush booths and

chairs to enjoy performances they'll remember forever. The most unique feature? Two stunning, custom-made motorcycles from Stevenson's Cycles in Wayne, Michigan. The choppers rise two stories and rotate 360 degrees, allowing the dancers to show off their Motor City-worthy moves. At the opening, our Pets donned some sexy motorcycle gear from Azure Clothes and broke in the bikes. But once the Key Girls climbed atop, even the sexiest gear was too much clothing.

The multilevel stage also has a gigantic martini glass for two where Key Girls can be seen getting intimate. Even our Pets got in the act: Erica cozied up to Justine, while Cali took on Heather. Erica even picked the music for her *pas de deux* with Justine. "My favorite songs to

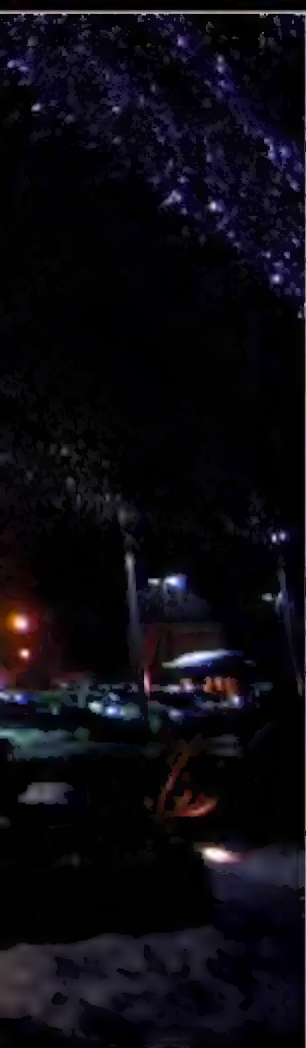
dance to at the Penthouse Clubs are Buckcherry's 'Crazy Bitch' and Def Leppard's 'Pour Some Sugar on Me,'" said Erica. "When the deejay played them, I went into full wild-girl mode."

As amazing as the show gets, it's not the sole attraction. The restaurant features the best steaks and seafood Detroit has to offer. The management at Penthouse Club Detroit couldn't be happier. "The opening went beyond our expectations," said General Manager Matt Killgore. "We are so excited about this partnership, and we look forward to seeing what our future holds." We'll be back to check things out.





The two custom-made motorcycles rotate 360 degrees, allowing the dancers to show off their Motor City-worthy moves.



The Detroit Key Girls strut their stuff on the multilevel stage, the pole, and the custom motorcycles. (Top, clockwise from top left) Penthouse Pets Cali Taylor, Krista Ayne, Erica Ellyson, and Justine Joli were on hand to entertain the opening-weekend crowd.






hard corps

Not even all the camo in the world could make Carli Banks (or her striking body) blend into the background. We featured this 22-year-old country girl in July 2005, and enlisted her for round two as she's the perfect complement to our American badass list. As she says, "I have to admit, I'm pretty likely to fall for a badass!"

Photographs by Dean Capture







"I root for the Kansas City Chiefs, but I don't like to watch football as much as I like to play. I'm not afraid to get down and dirty. I've even made love on the field in broad daylight—that was probably my best play!"



"I listen to pretty much every kind of music—punk, country, techno, oldies. If I'm feeling aggressive, I like heavy rock. When I'm feeling sweet and sensual, a good slow jam gets me in the mood."







"My dream car is a Mercedes—
bright orange, because I want to
get noticed. But I'm not spoiled
or high-maintenance. I'd drive it
straight to McDonald's!"



"Guys are always up for sex, so when I get the urge to rip off his clothes, I just take over. It doesn't matter if it's our first date or the middle of a relationship. I let him know what I want!"

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. TO SEE MORE OF CARLI, VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/CARLIBANKS





AFFAIRS OF THE TART

Penthouse

Cheating Affairs

A perpetually horny businessman (Steven St. Croix) suspects his hot young wife (Lindsey Meadows) is fucking around and enlists his sexy secretary (Katie Morgan) to learn the truth. Our May 2008 Pet, Alexis Love, a dusky wisp of a woman with nice natural tits, takes on Eurostud Mario Rossi in the opener. She's a little tongue-tied when it comes to oral sex, but more than makes up for it when she fucks; like most petite girls, she's visibly filled when riding Rossi's thick rod. The best scene finds St. Croix banging Morgan, who shows up later in a sexually explosive but dramatically contrived scene with Natasha Nice. Meadows pulls double duty as well, hooking up with one of St. Croix's underlings and, in the showstopper, with Rossi (kudos to Meadows, one of the rare porno girlies with a full bush). Writer/director James Avalon has done some nice work here with a production that will hold you until the double-surprise ending.



Top: Katie Morgan and Steven St. Croix. Right: Morgan and Natasha Nice



By Johnny Bronx

**ANIMAL LUST****Penthouse Forum*****Cougar Club: The Hunt Is On***

Diana Doll is the leader of a pack of sexually aggressive thirtysomethings who set their sights on strapping young studs and fuck their brains out. Victoria Valentino, a cute brunette, sinks her claws into a well-marbled piece of beefcake who turns the table on his stalker by giving her a fucking that seems to make her forget she's in a movie. Devon Lee pulls a pair of moving men in a scene that finds her stuffed from both ends. A DP would have been nice, but watching her tits get glazed with double the spunk is a fine trade-off. Jana Cova's gay-girl coupling with Sammie Rhodes puts an interesting spin on the cougar genre. Cova is the kind of thin-waisted beauty who makes even lesbo porn worthwhile and never disappoints, whether she's being fingered or slinging a dildo. The men here are a little too pretty, but that only serves to double *Cougar Club's* appeal for your lady friend—especially if she belongs to that special sorority.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER**Penthouse Letters*****One Night Stand***

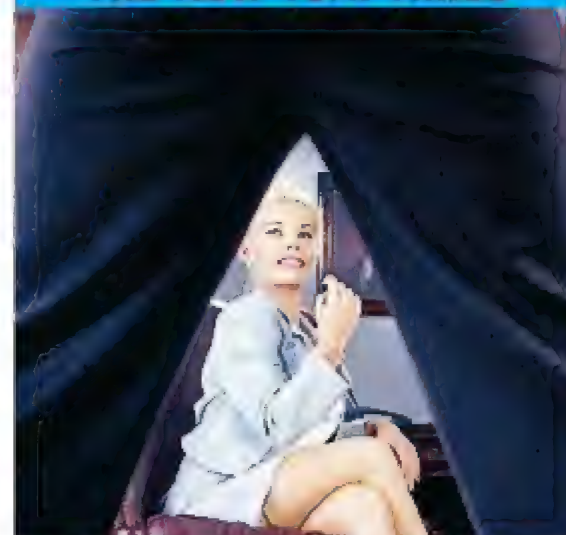
These vignettes, based on real submissions to *Penthouse Letters*, not only describe readers' best one-nighters but serve to show how that steamy situation has evolved. Once the province of the sexually promiscuous, the one-night stands here are therapeutic, fulfilling, and even innocent. Cover girl Renae Cruz lends considerable sex appeal to the first scene as a horny office girl, and looks so good having her pussy lapped that her scene could have ended right there. Luckily it doesn't. Fans of the good old grudge fuck will dig the tale of revenge starring Audrey Hollander, a superfreaky redhead who takes sexual excess to some frightening levels. She's working with husband Otto Bauer, perhaps her best partner in the biz, who gives her a four-finger job that leads to some of the best cocksucking you'll ever see and the first triple anal I've ever seen (two dildos and Bauer's cock). Ryder Skye was the real surprise, a winning combo of girl-next-door beauty and erotic fire (her back is heavily inked). She seems like someone you could actually have a fling with if you met her at a bar. She's also one of those porn chicks whose real talent is the ability to take it. Her partner does most of the work, but you'll be happy she's on the job. This is a solid showing all around. **A-**

Above, top left: Jana Cova and Sammie Rhodes. Above, top right: Renae Cruz. Left: Cova



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Doubling Up

A hot tale from *Letters to Penthouse XXVIII: Threesomes, Foursomes, and Moresomes*, published by Grand Central Publishing

I entered the bar from the street, stopping to look around to see who was there. It was a Friday night and the place was crowded with couples, small groups of people, and some who were alone, like me. As I glanced toward the bar, I saw him. Tall and handsome, laughing at something the bartender was saying. I smiled to myself, thinking, *Mmm, what a sexy, sexy man, and what a wonderful smile he has.*

There happened to be an empty seat next to him, and I headed toward it. He was still talking to the bartender, but I noticed him look my way as I sat down, and he had an appreciative look on his face. I wore my denim miniskirt with a sleeveless sweater top I had just bought, which clung to my body and plunged deeply in the front, showing lots of cleavage

and leaving little to the imagination. I looked pretty damn sexy, if I do say so myself. And I have to say, he'd certainly caught my eye. His body looked fantastic, and when he smiled, the sexuality just poured from him.

Within moments the bartender asked me what I would like. I kind of smiled, thinking to myself, *How about that guy next to me*, but instead, I just ordered a rum and cola. After bringing it, the bartender stayed and chatted for a bit, his eyes taking in my body.

My hard nipples pressed into his chest. His hands slid across my ass, caressing me and making me even hotter.

But when someone called for a drink, he had to leave.

The bar was buzzing with conversation, the jukebox was playing, and, as always on Fridays, everyone was just kicking back, enjoying the beginning of their weekend. I sat there, sipping my drink and tapping my foot to the music, wondering about this man next to me. What brought him here alone? Did he have a woman? Was he looking for someone? Was he as sexual as he appeared to be? And, oh my God, what would he be like in bed? As these questions floated through my head I heard him say, in a deep, sensuous voice, "Excuse me, do you know what time it is?"

Breaking out of my thoughts, I looked at him, smiled, and said, "Yes, of course. It's about 1:30." With that, the ice was broken and we began chatting. We talked about where we lived, what kind of work we did, our families, etc. Then Todd asked me if I'd like to dance, and I said I would love to.

Off to the dance floor we went. The music was good and fast, and I enjoyed dancing with him. After a few songs, a slow one came on. I started to walk off the dance floor, but he pulled me back to him.

"Where are you going? I want to feel you in my arms," he said. I shivered with anticipation and smiled back at him, nodding.

And there on the dance floor, our bodies so close, I became incredibly turned on. He was an excellent dancer, and I loved the feeling of being close to him, savoring the smell of his cologne. We didn't speak during this dance, just held each other. Our bodies were tight together and I could feel his cock pressing against me as my hard nipples pressed into his chest. His hands slid across my ass, caressing me and making me even hotter. I think I could have stayed that way for quite some time, but all too soon the music ended, and we walked back to the bar.

As we sat down, Todd moved his chair closer to mine and asked if I wanted another drink, which I was certainly ready for. When our drinks arrived we sipped them, and I felt his hand on my leg, gently caressing it. Loving how good his hand felt there, I looked at him with a rather mischievous expression and said, "I think you're trying to seduce me."

He smiled and said, "Yes, of course I am." And as I felt his hand moving up my leg, and felt my body reacting, I almost wanted to reach out and pull

I was actually trembling with excitement. These two sexy men were going to do God knew what to me, and I couldn't wait.

it under my skirt, to touch that part of me that was hot, wet, and tingling with excitement. We looked at each other, smiling slightly, as his hand moved beneath my skirt. A soft moan escaped my lips as his fingers found my hot, pulsing pussy.

I was barely able to speak as his fingers continued to stroke me. I could feel myself actually pushing against his hand, and God, I just wanted him to fuck me right there! I moved my hands to the top of his legs, then boldly reached out and gently squeezed his cock through his pants, feeling it grow harder and harder.

Then I caught my breath as his finger slid inside me. My skirt was now up high, everything visible, but I was in a daze. I was watching his face as his fingers worked their magic on my throbbing clit and my hot, wet pussy. Just as I felt an orgasm building up, I heard another voice: "I have to say, that is one of the most beautiful pussies I've ever seen."

Oh, my God! I looked up in surprise, and saw the bartender standing there. "Oh! I'm sorry," I said breathlessly.

"Don't be sorry," he said. Then, nodding at Todd, he said, "Come on, buddy, make her come right here."

Todd smiled and said, "Sure thing." Before I knew it, he began fucking me harder with his fingers. My skirt was up high, and I was almost bucking in my bar chair. "Oh God, yes!" I moaned, as I felt my come squirting all over. I couldn't believe this was happening, right here in the bar with these men—and who knows who else—watching me! I could barely catch my breath.

"That was very nice," the bartender said. I could barely bring myself to look at him. It had all happened so fast. I picked up my drink and found myself sipping at an empty glass.

I did manage to look at him then. "Well, thank you," I said. "And I seem to need a refill here." He chuckled and walked away, saying he would be back with my drink in a few minutes.

Then Todd was whispering to me, his lips brushing against my ear. "Did you like that?"

"Well, of course I did. What was not to like?"

"Did you like both of us watching you?" At that moment the bartender came back with my drink, but as the bar had gotten even busier, he was unable to stay. I quickly took a sip of my drink, then looked back at Todd.

"Well, now that I think about it, yes, I did like it," I said, smiling, as I felt heat spread to my face. "I think it made it that much hotter."

"Good," he said. "I enjoyed it also."

I reached down to softly touch his cock. "Yes, I can tell," I said, smiling at him again. I was feeling a lot bolder now, whether from the experience, or the drinks, or both. I leaned over and whispered to him, "You know, when I sat down here, all I could think about

was what it would be like to be in bed with you."

He looked at me, a little surprised, but pleased. "Oh you did, huh?" I nodded. "Well," he went on, "maybe you can find out later." I could feel my heart pounding with excitement. Oh, my God, I wanted to fuck this man!

It was getting late and the place began emptying out. After a while the bartender came over. I thought he was going to tell us it was closing time, so I grabbed my purse, but he just smiled and said, "No need to rush off. By the way, my name is Ray." Todd and I introduced ourselves, and then he said, "Look, I have to close up now, but how would the two of you like to



stay and have some fun at the bar? I really enjoyed watching you, Paula, and I think the three of us could have a great time."

I looked at Todd and saw him nodding in agreement. I didn't know if I should do this, but I had to admit the thought was making me feel aroused and excited. I took the last sip of my drink and said, "Sure, why not?"

Ray went to lock the front door and dim the lights, then came back. He poured us all fresh drinks and then said, "Paula, why don't you just hop up here on the bar?"

I raised my eyebrows. "On the bar?"

"Yep. I think Todd and I can help ourselves rather nicely, don't you?"

I was actually trembling with excitement. Here I was in this empty bar with two sexy men who were going to do God knew what to me, and I couldn't wait. So I did it. I hopped up and sat right on the bar, then looked at them both, as if to say, *Okay, now what?*

Well, it didn't take long to find out. Todd stood between my legs and kissed me deeply, his tongue probing my mouth, his lips sucking my tongue, and I have to admit I was kissing him back just as enthusiastically. Then I felt Ray's hands on my breasts, rubbing my nipples, which were instantly firm. I moaned as Todd continued kissing me, making me so damn hot I could feel the wetness between my legs.

Then I heard Ray say, "Let's get rid of that sweater, honey." I broke free of Todd's kisses for a moment and raised my arms, letting Ray pull my sweater up and off. *What the hell*, I thought as I unhooked my bra. Both men were looking at me with much satisfaction.

"Wow, Ray," Todd said. "Doesn't she have nice breasts? Aren't those the biggest nipples you've ever seen?"

Ray was nodding in agreement. "Let me come around to your side, Todd," he said. "I think those tits need two mouths on them."

And a minute later, there I was, on the bar, my legs dangling over the edge, with a man on either side of me, sucking, licking, and biting my nipples. Oh, my! I was shivering, and could feel a tingling sensation throughout my body.

After that, everything happened quickly. My skirt was unzipped, and then I helped them get undressed, and within minutes we were all naked. I was unbelievably turned on and could certainly tell that they were, too. And then the scene turned into a suck and fuck fest. While one man was licking my pussy, I would suck



I felt Ray rubbing my nipples. I moaned as Todd continued kissing me, making me so damn hot I could feel the wetness between my legs.

the other's cock. After a while, I was off the bar and bent over a table, with Todd behind me, fucking me, and Ray sitting in front of me, his cock deep inside my mouth. And as those cocks moved inside me, one in my wet pussy and one in my mouth, I knew I was out of control. Todd was fucking me so good, pumping deep inside me as I sucked Ray, loving the way his cock felt in my mouth, taking him deeper and deeper. We moaned together, and I knew we were all about to have the most fantastic orgasms. Then Ray's come filled my mouth and I sucked it all down, feeling it hit my throat, while Todd exploded inside me, his come dripping out of my pussy, mingled with mine. God, I could hardly believe this was happening, and I wished it could go on forever.

I collapsed in a chair, then the two of them came to me, kissing

me, sucking my nipples, and within moments they were both licking my pussy, taking turns with their tongues, licking, sucking, fucking ... until I could feel another orgasm building up. I cried out, pushing my groin into whichever mouth was there at the time, while the other one sucked on my nipples. God, I was coming and coming and coming.

Afterward, we all got drinks and relaxed a while, talking about how hot that had been and how good it had felt. Todd and Ray kept telling me how fantastic I was, and I could only grin and tell them they were pretty fantastic themselves.

Finally, we got cleaned up and left the place. Outside the bar, Todd and I said good-bye to Ray and walked down the street toward the parking lot, laughing and chatting about what a wild night it had been. And about how, when we had planned it, we had never dreamed anything like this would have happened.

Because, you see, Todd and I have known each other for several years. We're lovers, and we had set the whole thing up to fulfill one of our fantasies—to pretend we were strangers picking each other up in a bar. But we never expected someone like Ray to come along and turn our fantasy fulfillment into an outrageous night of three-way fun!—Name and address withheld



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in the pink

March 2008 Pet of the Month Bree Olson and 2007 Pet of the Year Heather Vandeven strip out of their shagadelic go-go getups for a little dirty dancing.

Photographs by Misha





The vixens are pretty in pink, but those buckles are too cold against Heather's supple flesh. Bree helps her slip into something a little less that's a lot more comfortable.









Heather pays much more than lip service as she showers Bree with gratitude—and her tongue. Bree responds with an all-access pass to her sweetest of sweet spots.



Our lovely Pets writhe and wriggle at each luscious lick, getting up close and personal with each other and reaping huge rewards along the way.



Heather purrs with ecstasy as Bree laps at her hot, pink folds. These sex kittens sure know how to have a swingin' good time ... and they're just getting started!

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Bored with vanilla sex? Ready for more unusual fare? Venturing into new sexual vistas will allow you to expand your romantic boundaries and heighten intimacy.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

Getting Kinky

Our sensation-seeking society predisposes us to become bored with the same old stimuli—and that is particularly true for our often-stale sex lives. To help you add spice to your nights, I have compiled a quick and easy guide to the most common sexual fetishes, or paraphilias in psycho-jargon.

If some of these sources of arousal seem silly to you, it's because they are. Most sexual fetishes are formed (or imprinted) during early childhood and often result from the random pairing of sexually arousing stimuli and infantile activities—like tickling, pant-wetting, balloon-popping, bug-stomping, or making a mess. Hence,

through the process of imprinting, a guy gets turned on by wearing a diaper or throwing a cream pie in his girlfriend's face. Some fetishes are too silly to recommend, like a clown fetish—who wants to bed a bozo? But the ones I've included here are funky yet fun—you and your girlfriend might want to give one or two a shot.

THE FOOT SANDWICH

Some neurologists believe that foot fetishism is one of the most common fetishes because feet and genitals occupy adjacent areas of the somatosensory cortex, which means neural cross talk between the two.

PREPARE: Clean her feet thoroughly. Have some oil or flavored lube handy if you like your feet wet and slippery (for a footjob).

PLAY: Lick in between every toe, then suck each toe ("shrimping").

DARE: Use her lubed-up feet to masturbate.

THE TICKLE FRENZY

This fetish involves being tickled or tickling someone on their ribs, underarms, or feet for arousal.

PREPARE: Make sure your fingernails don't have any snags. You also can use feathers, feather dusters, furs, or silks to alternate the sensations. Turn on a fan to add an extra shivery feeling to the tickling.

PLAY: Undress her and secure her arms above her head, then begin by brushing the hairs on her skin. Use various fabrics and feathers to sensitize her to your touch. Work up to a harder, more insistent touch until you are digging your fingers into her ribs, underarms, and feet, causing a paroxysm of giggles. Tickle her clit as well, using a vibrator, so her mind equates tickling with pleasure—until you drive her "mad" with arousal and she begs for hard, slamming action.

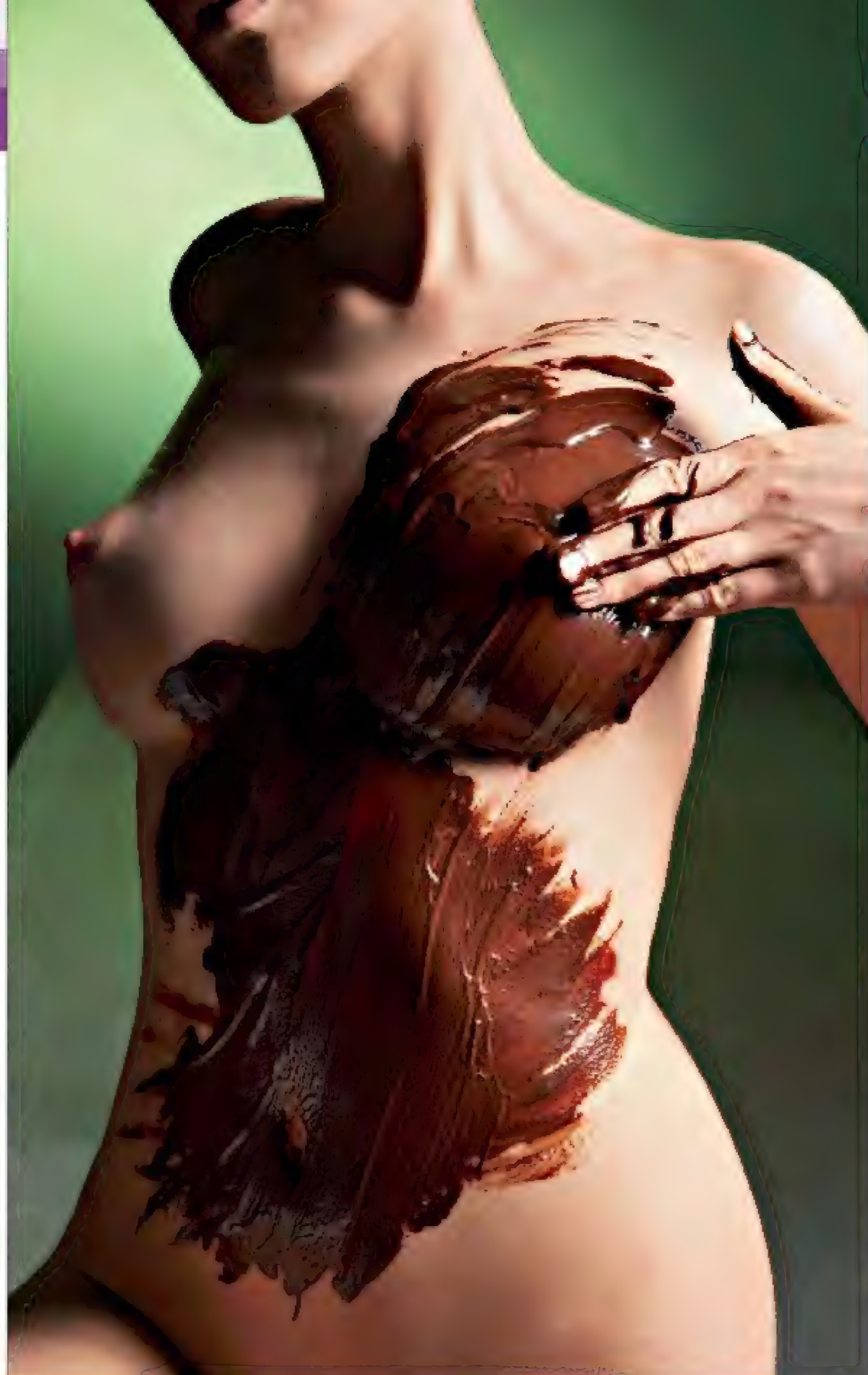
DARE: If she's okay with it, carefully use kinkier tools, such as sandpaper or an electric toothbrush, to combine tickling with a touch of pain.

MAKING A MESS

A person with a wet and messy fetish, known as "splashing," becomes aroused when messy substances are smeared on the face, body, or clothes of his or her partner.

PREPARE: This is easy, because wet and messy substances are all around us—you can use milk, whipped cream, chocolate sauce, shaving foam, paint, oil, or mud. Just stay away from the overly sticky stuff, such as honey.

PLAY: Glob it all over your partner, then lick it off, if it's edible, or use it to slide your body against hers. You can also pour carbonated water on her for an extra fizz; try it on her nipples.



Glob the messy stuff all over her, then lick it off, if it's edible, or use it to slide your body against hers.

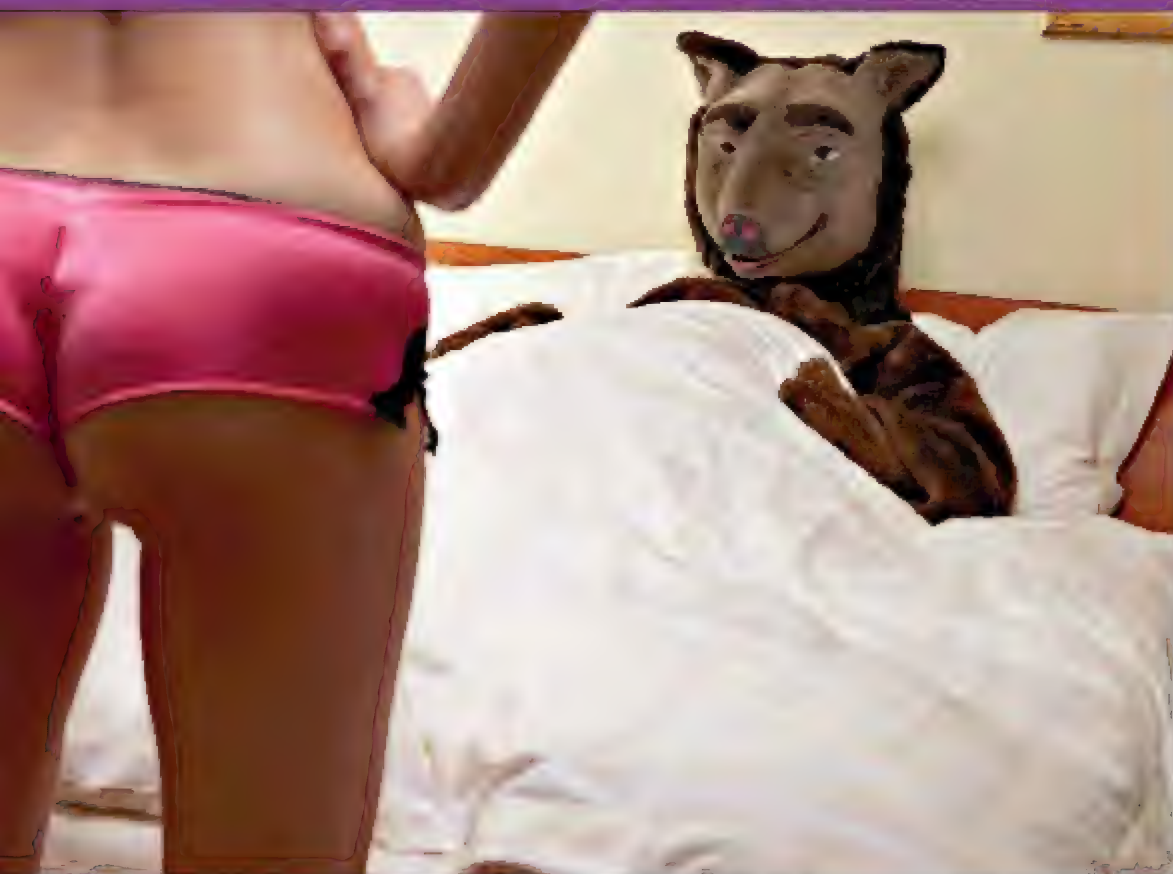
DARE: Try the "pie in the face" fetish, where you surprise her by dunking her head in a creampie—but discuss it with her in advance!

BOTTOMS UP

Spanking on the buttocks is likely to be sexually stimulating for most women (and men!) and is associated with heightened arousal and responsiveness, whereas whipping on the

back has been described as giving rise to feelings of exaltation. The physiological basis for such subjective responses has frequently been referred to as an endorphin high: It parallels other physically stressful activities, such as long-distance running and skydiving.

PREPARE: Round up common household objects, such as a hairbrush, flyswatter, belt, or yardstick. You can also invest in "professional" gear, such as paddles, whips, and crops.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) HARRY VORSTENIER/
CORBIS, (TOP) ROY BOTTERELL/CORBIS,
(ABOVE) CLAIRE ARTMAN/CORBIS

Pet play can be intensely sexual or quiet cuddling time, with acts of stroking, rubbing, and holding the “pet” partner.

wants the bondage released. Do not use a word that normally comes up in your sexual play, or the word “stop” because she might want to pretend to beg you to stop as part of the game.

PLAY: Blindfold her, then secure her wrists to a bedpost. Tie her ankles apart from each other and proceed to caress or tickle her. The object is to torment her with sexual arousal while you control the availability of her release. If you don’t have a bedpost available, you can use a chair, an ottoman, or other sturdy piece of furniture to fasten the rope, or have her sit on the floor and tie her wrists to her ankles and her elbows to her knees. This position will expose her genitals, adding to the eroticism. Just don’t bind her too tightly or put her in an awkward position that unnaturally bends her joints.

DARE: Cover her body in plastic wrap, leaving her breasts and genitals exposed.

HORSING AROUND

Human animal play, one of the most common objectification fetishes, involves being treated or treating another person as an animal: a cuddly kitten, a loyal puppy, or a dutiful pony. Pet play can be an intensely sexual activity or a quiet cuddling time with acts of stroking, rubbing, and holding the “pet” partner.

PREPARE: For added fun, get a collar, leash, tag, or milk bowl, or invest in a crop, bridle, saddle, and bit.

PLAY: Dress her up as a pretty pony with a saddle, a bridle over her head, and a bit in her teeth. Use the “reins” to sting her rump. You can even buy a butt plug with a horsetail sprouting from it to add an extra touch of verisimilitude to your play.

DARE: Reverse the roles and let your woman ride on your back. After all, horseback riding is a sexual turn-on for many women. She can simulate this by making you carry her around like at a rodeo, riding your back with her legs bent near your waist and using a crop on your buttocks until she orgasms on your back. **OTW**

PLAY: Tell her in advance to prepare for a spanking by wearing a short skirt and thigh-highs, then bend her over your knee and spank or whip her slowly, alternating whacks and caresses. The rule of thumb for corporal punishment is to hit only fleshy, muscled meat. The safest zones are from below the shoulders to the middle of the back (excluding the spine), and from the buttocks to the area above the knees. The lower curve of the buttocks, including the groove between the buttocks and thighs, is the most sensitive area for a hand or a whip and should get special treatment. The goal of erotic spanking is to produce a uniform, rosy glow to her skin; an even distribution of strokes gets the best results.

DARE: Take it beyond her buttocks by spanking her breasts and vulva. Alternating spanks with caresses and playful flicks of her nipples and clitoris will take her to a new level of ecstasy.

ALL TIED UP

Bondage is the act of restraining for pleasure, usually by tying your partner’s appendages together with handcuffs or a similar object or by lashing her arms and/or legs to a piece of furniture.

PREPARE: Get some hemp rope, leather restraints, fake handcuffs, blindfolds, gags, or whatever other paraphernalia floats your boat. If you don’t want to splurge, you can use old ties or silk scarves. (Have a pair of emergency scissors handy.) Make sure to agree on a “safe word,” which will signify that you or your partner



EX SEX

One night, my buddy and I were at a bar when I got a call from my ex-girlfriend Amy. She was having some trouble with her car and wanted to know if I'd stop by and take a look at it. We were still friends and stayed in touch, but I hadn't heard from her in a couple of months. We had the kind of relationship that if either of us needed something, we knew the other would be there to help.

Amy was one of those quiet girls who was never much into sex and that had been the main reason for our split. Whenever I wanted to fool around, she wasn't in the mood. Somewhere along the line Amy changed, because as soon as I got into her SUV, she had her hands down my pants.

"Nice to see you, too," I said. We started making out and feeling each other up till I suggested she let me test drive the car first. I'd get to her needs later, if she was still willing.

The car turned over with no problem. While I took it for a spin, Amy asked me what I'd been up to. I was more interested in why she'd done a 180 regarding sex and when she'd learned to become the

aggressor, but I didn't want to make her feel self-conscious.

We'd only gone a few miles when the car started to overheat. I pulled over onto an old logging trail about four miles from her house and let the engine rest. I was about to ask Amy if she'd like me to stay over and work on the car in the morning, but she was already taking off her skirt and top. Then she unzipped my pants and freed my cock.

I wasn't about to start asking questions now. This was the Amy I'd always wanted.

She still had the hottest body and the greatest ass I'd ever seen. She pulled her thong down to her knees and played with her pussy while she gave me a blowjob.

I always had to beg Amy to suck my cock when we were together. This transformation was amazing!

Just when I thought I was going to lose it, she climbed on top of me and began to grind her pussy against me.

Just when I thought I was going to lose it, she climbed on top of me and began to grind her pussy against me.

She was so slick I wanted to lay her down and fuck her lights out. Her eyes got really big as she slid onto my cock and started bouncing. She had me at the brink again when she climbed off and laid back for me to eat her pussy. She was really horny and couldn't seem to get enough of my tongue. This was the first time we seemed to be in sync—both of us equally excited, wanting the same thing. Working her with my fingers and my tongue, I brought Amy to orgasm several times before she'd had enough. Then it was my turn, and incredibly, she went down on me again. I was so close to the edge that it didn't take long before I was ready to explode.

"I'm coming! Oh, God!" I moaned as I tried to pull out of her mouth. She'd never let me come in her mouth before, but the new Amy held on, and when I came, she did her best to swallow my entire load. I couldn't remember ever coming so hard with any girl. I was so out of breath I felt as if I'd just run a marathon.

"So, now what?" I asked.

"Want to come back to my place and check under my hood?" she asked.—*R.C., North Carolina*

PARTY FAVOR

I stretched lazily and opened my eyes. Aidan's dark eyes stared back at me.

"How'd you sleep?" Aidan asked, his voice deep and sexy.

"Never better," I murmured as I stretched again. I closed my eyes for a moment and moaned as I felt the soft touch of his lips on mine. I took my time kissing him back, then we both took a long, deep breath.

I'd have to thank Marcy later for the best birthday present ever. It was at her office about a month ago that I had first met Aidan. He was gorgeous and personable and I was immediately attracted to him. Marcy had known him for some time and was able to tell me a little about him—just enough for me to want to hook up with him. When she later insisted on gathering some of my friends for a night out to celebrate, of course she invited Aidan and asked him to give me a ride to the club.

We got along well and we were really into each other, so the first chance I got, I told Marcy not to worry if she couldn't find me—I'd be at my place with Aidan. She just laughed,



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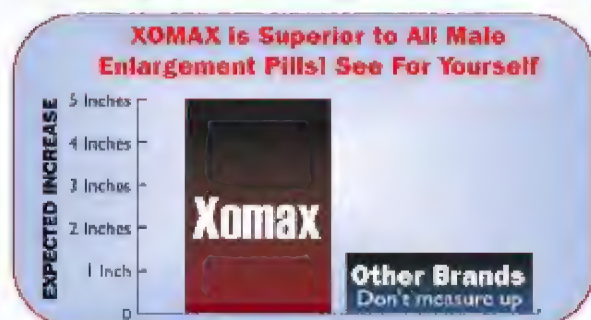
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wished me a happy birthday, and said she'd expected as much.

At the club we'd danced a little, kissed a little, and the attraction was definitely there. In the car we'd kissed and touched each other as much as we dared without crashing. We were barely inside my apartment when we started frantically pulling off each other's clothes.

There's nothing like great birthday sex, and Aidan didn't disappoint. Morning-after sex is high on my list, too, so I buried my fingers in his hair, gently urging him closer to me as we continued kissing, then moving my other hand down his front until I found what I wanted. I love a rock-hard cock in the morning. He'd given me quite a workout the night before, but I was ready to go again. The sex had been frenzied and wild, but I knew this time would be different.

He lowered his head to kiss one of my nipples, then circled it with his tongue before sucking it into his mouth. It hardened, sending a tingling sensation through my breasts. I moaned and felt his fingers on my pussy, exploring before sliding through the middle of my slippery lips.

Aidan moved into position and settled his face between my legs, circled my clit with his tongue, and gently pulled it between his lips and into his mouth. Then he rested his tongue just inside my pussy and pressed it against the underside. I gasped as I came in his mouth.

He kissed my inner thigh, then my stomach, circled my breasts again, then came back to my mouth. His lips were wet with my juices and I could taste myself as we kissed. I reached down and grasped his cock. I couldn't wait to put my mouth around it. He'd been so busy pleasing me that I had yet to suck his cock.

I rolled on top of him and trailed my tongue along his neck, then his smooth chest, lingering at his nipples before kissing his stomach. I teased his belly button as he rolled his hips to me, indicating he wanted me to take him in my mouth.

I licked the underside of his cock from his balls to the head before engulfing it with my mouth. I slid my mouth down his shaft to the base, then back to the top. After I cupped his balls in my hand and gave them a firm squeeze, I gently sucked one into



my mouth. He moaned and I released it to suck his cock again. He surged in my mouth just before he exploded, gasping and groaning as I hungrily swallowed his come.

He lay there immobile, breathing heavily and smiling, but within moments he was gazing at my naked body as his hand slowly moved between my legs again. He kissed me while he positioned himself over me. He was still erect, and I felt the head of his cock press against my opening. I couldn't wait for him to be inside me. I pushed forward onto him, then inhaled as he filled me. We fit together perfectly, and I could feel myself reaching orgasm almost immediately as he thrust deep inside me. I cried out with pleasure as I grasped his ass in my hands, pulling him in deeper.

When I was done, Aidan stood at the edge of the mattress and told me

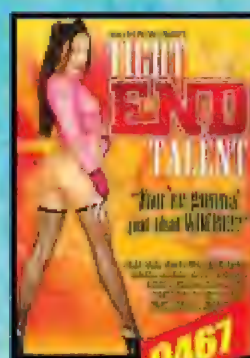
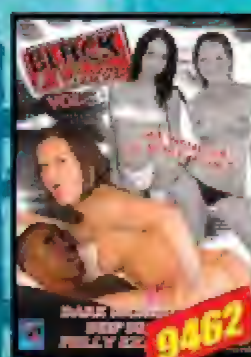
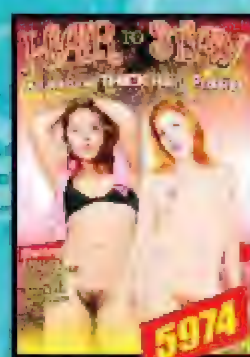
to stand before him on the bed. As I stood in front of him, he guided my legs around his waist, firmly gripping my ass cheeks in his palms and lowering me onto his penis. The sight of his well-shaped biceps as he lifted me up and down, sliding in and out of my wet pussy, made me even hotter. We were right in front of a full-length mirror, and it was like watching myself in a porno with Aidan as my costar, which turned me on like never before. I rested my feet on the back of his calves to establish a more purposeful rhythm and pushed myself harder and deeper onto his cock. My arms were wrapped around his neck and my breasts were at his mouth. He sucked my nipple into his mouth and then lightly bit it, sending me to another climax. This time I gushed like a river as we both moaned with pleasure.

We were covered in perspiration when he lifted me back onto the bed. He was fucking me again and I reached between my legs to grab his balls and fondle them, encircling them with my fingers. Then I traced the area

I love a rock-hard cock in the morning. He'd given me quite a workout the night before, but I was ready to go again.

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between his scrotum and ass, placing a finger directly on his asshole, applying pressure as he moaned.

"Fuck me harder," I said. He thrust deeper and harder as we kissed passionately, and when we came, I felt the intensity of his orgasm mingle with mine. We collapsed next to each other and slipped into a deep slumber, but as I drifted off I remember thinking that sex this good shouldn't be limited to birthdays. —J.L., Illinois

TWENTY-ONE

I was spending my vacation in Vegas and I was ready for anything. At the blackjack table, I met Kyra, a tall blonde who was staying the weekend to celebrate her 21st birthday. And although there was a ten-year age difference, we had fun together and enjoyed each other's company.

It was 3 A.M. when Kyra and I left the table, both winners. I still wanted to hang out, so I offered to buy her a couple of birthday drinks. At the bar, Kyra told me she was really enjoying her birthday. She'd won some money and was having drinks with a good-looking man. Then she said that the only thing that would make the celebration perfect would be if I went back to her room and spent the night.

I couldn't help but laugh. Then I told her that since we'd left the table, I had been wondering how I could get her into bed. We both had a good laugh about it and then she said she had spotted me as soon as I'd entered the casino. And since we'd both been lucky at the table, she saw it as a good sign. I'm all for good signs.

We finished our drinks and made our way to Kyra's room, stopping to kiss along the way. Once inside, we quickly undressed.

"I could tell you had a really nice physique," she said as she sized me up, stopping to gaze at my cock, which was standing at attention.

"And you're absolutely gorgeous!" I said as I looked over her full breasts and clean-shaven mound.

Kyra pushed me down into a chair, rolled a condom onto my cock, and straddled my lap. She lowered her wet pussy onto my dick and pressed her lips to mine as she began slowly moving up and down.

While our tongues dueled, Kyra continued to dance on my pole. Each time she came down on my cock, she



While our tongues dueled, Kyra continued to dance on my pole. Each time she came down, she moaned.

moaned into my mouth. Kyra's pace quickened and I broke the kiss to watch her tits bounce up and down.

Kyra screamed out as she peaked and I felt her gush onto my cock and balls. I carried Kyra to the bed and lay back with her on top of me. She lowered her succulent cunt to my waiting lips and said, "Now, suck me off!"

I sucked hungrily on her pussy and finger-fucked her until she came, squirming and writhing against my mouth. Kyra's next move was to straddle my legs and take my cock into her from behind. When I was deep inside her, she grabbed hold of my ankles and began fucking herself.

I caressed Kyra's smooth ass cheeks as I took in the beautiful backside view of my cock disappearing into her juicy hole. We changed positions many times, which kept me from coming too soon. Then Kyra took my cock into her tight asshole.

"Your cock feels so good!" Kyra gasped. She had no idea. Her asshole encased my cock like a glove. And after only a few strokes, I gripped her ass cheeks and came deep inside her.

Kyra had an insatiable appetite for sex that kept me busy throughout

that night and the next. I worked overtime to satisfy this beautiful young woman's sexual hunger.

Since Kyra's birthday, she and I have met at the casino many times and after playing blackjack, we head to her place or mine for more of the best sex I have ever had. —B.J., California

RIDE ON

Lydia and I met a year ago at work. We struck up a friendship and became even closer after Lydia's divorce four months ago.

One Friday afternoon, Lydia stopped by my office and invited me over for drinks after work. My boyfriend was out of town and I thought it would be fun to hang with her, so I took her up on her offer.

Later that evening, when Lydia and I were into our second pitcher of mojitos, we decided to watch an X-rated DVD her husband had left behind. The movie was hot, but there was one scene that really got me going. One girl was wearing a strap-on while the other girl fucked herself with the dildo. The scene was so sexy that I confided to Lydia that if some girl were sitting on my couch wearing a big strap-on like the one in the film, I would definitely take a ride on it.

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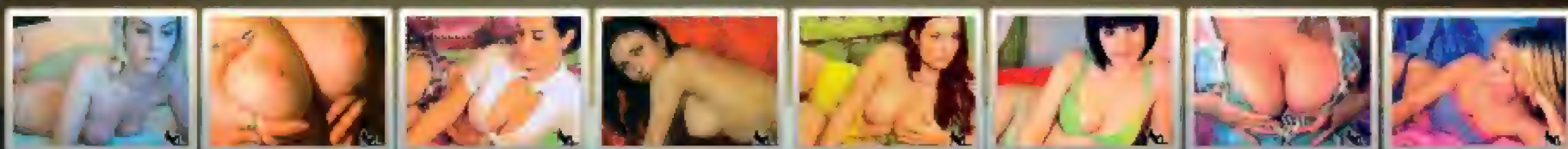
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When the movie ended, I asked Lydia if her husband had left any other DVDs when he moved out. She said he hadn't but she had something even better; then she disappeared into the bedroom and returned a few minutes later, wearing a robe. She stood in front of me, opened the robe, and asked, "Will this do?"

Lydia wore a black leather harness with a thick seven-inch dildo attached. I was surprised at first, but curious enough to ask her what she was doing with something like that. Lydia said it was a long story, but assured me it was the first time she'd ever put it on. Then she asked me if I wanted to take a ride. When I asked if she was serious, she reached into the pocket of her robe and tossed me a bottle of lube. Well, I knew right then that I was just as crazy as she was, because I immediately said, "Hell, yeah!" and took off my clothes.

Lydia sat on the couch and lubed up the dildo for me. Then I straddled her lap and Lydia guided the dildo right to my entrance.

"Oh, this feels incredible!" I cooed, as the cock slipped slowly into my

Lydia pulled me close and sucked on my nipples. I rubbed my clit and that was the push I needed.

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pussy. Once I had the entire thing deep inside, I held on to the back of the couch and started to ride. Lydia grabbed my ass and I gradually picked up the pace.

"I love your cock, Lydia!" I cried, fucking myself even harder as Lydia pulled me close and sucked on my nipples. I reached down and rubbed my clit and that was the push I needed. "I'm coming, Lydia!" I screamed, as I came down hard on the dildo and felt my orgasm reverberate through my body.

Quickly lifting myself from the rubber cock and crawling to the corner of the couch, I got on all fours and screamed for Lydia to fuck me again. But she turned me onto my back and said, "First I want to taste you, Tina." Then she buried her face between my legs and began lapping at my pussy. Her tongue stabbed at my clit before delving into my chamber to gather as much of my cream as she could reach.

Just when I thought she was going to make me come again, she turned me over, pulled me up onto my knees, and filled me with the dildo. Lydia stroked into me with a steady pace,

making me moan with every thrust. I couldn't believe that I was getting fucked by another woman, but I was enjoying every minute of it. I was meeting her thrusts with my own, pushing myself to yet another incredible explosion. When it finally overtook me, I cried out again, before collapsing on the couch.

When I'd calmed down, I removed the harness from Lydia and buried my face in her snatch. That was the first time I'd ever tasted pussy, but I loved eating her out and making her come all over my fingers.

But the most exciting thing was when I took my turn strapping on the rubber cock and fucking Lydia doggie-style, then missionary with Lydia's legs wrapped tightly around my back. Our lips and tits pressed together as I fucked her till she cried out in ecstasy.

We spent the night sucking and fucking, until we collapsed totally exhausted in each other's arms. It was truly an evening to remember and one that we repeat often. The next step is for me to tell my boyfriend. I'm fairly certain that he'll be thrilled to join us. — *T.N., Florida*

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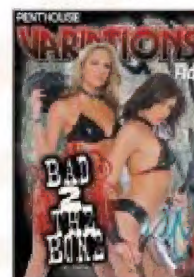
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Jessica is joined by the luscious Ashlynn Brooke in a sexy and stylish photo set that's sure to get hearts racing, and the luscious Darenzia gets down in luxury with sultry Sasha Singleton. And that's just the beginning of what's in store! 

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